

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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ADVENTURES AND SUFFERINGS OF THREE SURVIVORS OF THE "GREAT WRECK."

THEIR INDIVIDUAL NARRATIVES.

EIGHT DAYS AND TWENTY HOURS WITHOUT FOOD
OR DRINK!

As if to make the horrors by shipwreck of the Central America in every particular the most unparalleled disaster that ever occurred on the sea, we have the details of the dread tragedy of some few of the passengers, whose sad story is heralded to the world by the rescue of three of the number, after suffering beyond what has heretofore been deemed possible by human nature and life be preserved.

Determined to do justice to the subject as far as it is in our power, we have brought all our comprehensive artistic and editorial facilities to bear, and our success has been beyond our most sanguine anticipations. We have secured the photographs of the three survivors, which will be found on an outside page;

and in addition to this, we present thirteen designs illustrating the subject matter, made under the direction of the survivors, and exhibiting a series of faithful pictures such as were never before given to the public. In addition to this, we present full and complete narratives of the three survivors, which include some of the most thrilling and startling incidents ever recorded, and which will give to the world a new idea of the horrors of shipwreck, and in which will be found many things that have heretofore escaped the industry of the press. We would say, in justice to our readers, that we give much from narratives obtained from the lips of those whose sad stories we relate, we learned from personal interviews what were their sufferings, and were made to feel what they had endured. To them and to Capt. Burt of the brig Marine we are under many obligations, and we have no doubt the public will appreciate their willingness to gratify a just curiosity, and our determination to sustain an unrivalled position of the only illustrated newspaper in the country. In carrying out our plan, we deem it best to commence with the

narrative of JOHN TICE, one of the three survivors rescued and brought into the port of New York by the Laura.

Mr. Tice was one of the most active persons on board of the Central America in his efforts to save the ship. Finding, however, that the case was desperate, he took himself to the deck, and looked about for the purpose of securing such means as would probably save his life after the long dreaded catastrophe had taken place. Among the wrecks of the upper works which had been torn off by the passengers to make rafts, he found a plank ten feet long and about an inch and a half in thickness, and with it silently and resolutely took his stand upon the hurricane deck. In a moment the stern began rapidly to sink, and watching his opportunity, he anticipated his engulfment by seizing his plank and springing as far as possible from the ship into the sea, striking out, and when about forty feet distant, he saw the waves just closing over the fated vessel.

Fortunately he was far enough from the "suck" of the sinking (Continued on page 312.)



THE FINAL RESCUE OF TICE, GRANT, AND DAWSON, BY THE BARK "MARY," AFTER THEIR UNPARALLELED SUFFERINGS IN THE LIFE BOAT OF THE "CENTRAL AMERICA."

THE STREAMLET.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

(From Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine and Gazette of Fashion.)

The roving, restless streamlet,
It ever goes along;
In sunshine or in shadow
It sings its merry song.
It sings 'midst pleasant valleys,
It cheers the barren moor,
But it ever sings its sweetest song
Beside my true love's door.

Full many a dainty flow'ret
It passes in its way,
Which bending o'er it lovingly,
With kisses bids it stay.
But ah! it never lingers
By valley or by moor,
For it longs to sing its sweetest song
Beside my true love's door.

THE KING OF THE PEAK;

OR,

THE HIDDEN MINE.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

THE scene is laid in the French Alps, about the year 1780, and opens in the Hospice de Lauteret, a religious establishment located in the environs of Mont Peloux, as a house of refuge for travellers in that region of sudden storms and heavy snow-drifts. The day had been calm and beautiful, but the pious fathers knew from infallible signs that the evening would not pass without a storm. Some of the members, who had been sent out to scour the roads and warn unwary travellers, returned with two youths whom they had encountered and urged to seek the shelter of the Hospice for the night. Their anxiety to reach the frontier, the extreme delicacy of the one, and the haughty bearing of the other, excited the curiosity of a sturdy traveller who had arrived just before them, and who seemed to be greatly revered by the holy brotherhood. He cross-questioned them, and offered his advice and escort, both of which were haughtily rejected by the elder youth, but, finally, gratefully accepted on the urgent solicitation of the younger brother. Just as they were about retiring, a new arrival threw them into terrible consternation, which did not escape the notice, while it aroused the suspicions of the rough but friendly mountaineer, Michael Raymond. The new arrivals were a lawyer and two gendarmes, who were in hot pursuit of a runaway couple, a handsome youth and a fair maiden.

Seeing the two youths, the lawyer questions them closely, and would have arrested them on the spot, but for the interference of Michael Raymond, who claims them as his kinsmen. They are allowed to retire to their sleeping cells, where they are followed by Raymond, who insists upon knowing the story of those for whom he has risked so much. Throwing themselves upon his mercy, they tell their story. The young couple, the Chevalier de Peyras and Geraldine de Blancheport being warmly attached, and being unable to obtain the consent of the father of the young lady, have fled from the city with the intention of gaining the frontier, and there being united. The stern mountaineer, while severely censuring the misconduct and folly of both, promises to rescue them from their present perilous position, and fulfils his promise by conveying them to the Hospice by dawn of day and before their pursuers were awake. On their way, they learn that Michael Raymond is surnamed the king of the Peak; that he is sole lord of the village to which he is taking them for shelter. They also learn from the schoolmaster, Dominique, to whose conduct they are confided, that a mystery hangs over the king of the Peak; that he is supposed to have some secret treasure which yields him unbounded wealth.

Before the travellers reach their destination, they are discovered and pursued, but are again saved by Raymond, who, claiming jurisdiction as *bailli* of the district, declares the attorney's warrant illegal. The attorney submits, dismisses the gendarmes, and proceeds to the village at the request of Raymond. It was settled that until the chevalier and Geraldine could be united, they should pass as brothers, and be introduced as such to Menella, the daughter of the king of the Peak. At this point the story is resumed in the following chapters.

CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

THEY defiled through a narrow pass bordered on each side by majestic mountains covered from base to summit with pine and fir trees; the precipices at one spot were united by an alpine bridge, beneath which the torrent rushed with the rapidity of a cataract. The road, cut out of the rock, made a gradual ascent towards the upper country, and was in fact the only communication between the village and the neighboring valleys; but what most astonished the travellers was a grand natural arch, formed by the precipices uniting towards their summits. It was the entrance to the valley of the Peak, and such was the disposition of the localities that this gigantic portal alone gave access to a spot protected on every other side by inaccessible mountains. The smiling valley beneath resembled a charming picture in a handsome frame. It was diversified with meadows, orchards, and cornfields, and bordered by high wooded backgrounds, which were overtopped in their turn by crags, peaks and cones, of almost every variety of form. A superb cataract which descended in three separate falls, each more than two hundred feet high, gave a splendid finish to the whole. The village, almost shrouded by foliage, occupied the centre of the vale; its white, gable-looking houses, with their little gardens and fruit-trees, seemed palaces, when compared to the wretched huts inhabited by the mountaineers of the adjoining districts. The church with its tapering spire crowned the summit of a lofty rock; and the *tout ensemble* formed one of those romantic, natural pictures upon which a painter would have dwelt with rapture. It was a bewitching garden, reclaimed from the desert; a terrestrial paradise, in which all seemed to be perfume, harmony and happiness.

Michael Raymond enjoyed for a moment the astonishment and enthusiasm of his guests; he then said, with an accent of deep satisfaction, "It is I who created this little world; it is I who have made productive these sterile rocks, who have peopled this savage solitude, who have made a safe asylum for man in this inhospitable climate. On the day when my poor father placed his foot in this abandoned corner of the world, he only found a solitary shepherd and some chamois." He stopped as if afraid of saying too much; the two strangers regarded him with admiration.

"You must have been very rich to accomplish all these wonders!" cried the lawyer.

"And very courageous to undertake them!" said the chevalier. The king of the Peak shook his head with a pensive air. "Riches and courage have probably both been requisite," he resumed, "and perhaps something more besides. I have often been accused of sorcery, and I really there does seem something magical in the history of this out-of-the-way spot. But enough of this, gentlemen; you will have ample time to examine in detail the wonders of the valley. I hope to retain you several days here."

"*Quis vobis hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?*" (What new guest is this that has approached our dwelling?) murmured a melancholy voice.

Michael Raymond started and cast an uneasy glance upon the schoolmaster, who was some paces from him, leaning against a rock. These words of ill omen seemed to painfully affect him. Some sad presentiment at that moment doubtless flashed across his mind. He remained silent during the remainder of the journey.

CHAPTER IV.

The fine and noble way to kill a foe
Is not to kill him; you with kindness may
So change him, that he shall cease to be so;
And then he's slain.

THE village of the Peak was not one of those spots which look well only at a distance, and disappoint the expectations on a near approach. It was seen, on the contrary, to most advantage, on a close examination. There was an air of neatness, comfort, and repose about the place, which called forth the admiration of the strangers. The cottages, beautifully white, and nestled amidst the trees, seemed

emblematic of peace and happiness. A group of rustics dancing under a wide-spreading tree in the distance, presented one of those charming pictures of rural festivity which the late imitable Wilkie knew so well how to portray. Each dwelling was detached, and with its roof hidden in foliage, rose in one or two stories according to the importance of the family which occupied it. There was here no appearance of that profound misery which now weighs so heavily upon the inhabitants of the French Alps; everything, on the contrary, denoted tranquillity, abundance, and ease. It seemed as if Providence had thought fit to load with benefits this Eden in miniature, conquered from the desert. But what particularly struck the strangers was the deep respect and affection which the villagers evinced for Michael Raymond; the lads and lasses left off dancing to salute him; the girls made him their prettiest curtesy and their most gracious smile; the men raised their bonnets and gave a cheer for the king of the Peak, which was echoed by the neighboring hills; and several old patriarchs, whose hands he pressed on passing in deference to their years, seemed prouder of this favor than of the white hairs which fell in silver ringlets over their shoulders.

Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his skirt, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd.

Michael Raymond's power in the village which he had founded had not been exaggerated; he was a monarch whom the villagers respected as a father, whom they loved as a friend. The whole of this homage was voluntary, and resulted from a feeling of gratitude for past favors, incessantly awakened by new benefits.

"This man is truly a magician!" said the chevalier, in an undertone, to Renaud, who stood at his elbow; "his power is almost supernatural!"

"You don't yet know the extent of his power," replied the other, with a crafty smile; "but he has made me promise secrecy."

They are now approaching Michael Raymond's house. It stood near the church against an enormous rock, which protected the village from the fall of avalanches in unfavorable seasons. This dwelling, somewhat larger than the others, was remarkable for the romantic beauty of its situation. A wide-spreading lawn, of park-like appearance, sloped down to the valley beneath. The facade opened upon a kind of square almost entirely hewn out of the rock, and which served as a place of meeting on the Sabbath for the inhabitants of the dale. On each side a massive wall supported a terrace, upon which flourished a variety of fruit and other trees. The rock, smooth and polished, overlooked the building, the terrace, and the trees, and rose perpendicularly like an immense tower.

A number of the villagers had joined the party, and advanced in procession to this picturesque habitation. A tall dark girl, of a fine presence, appeared on the threshold; the country people raised their hats.

"It is my daughter, it is my good Menella!" said Michael Raymond, pointing her out to the travellers.

There was a natural grace and dignity about this young girl which could not fail to have struck the most careless observer. Her figure was imposing, almost majestic, and her whole person attested that pureness of blood and vigor of constitution which is so much admired in the women of Piedmont and Savoy. Her large and expressive eyes and beautifully arched eyebrows gave a fine character to features which were strikingly correct and regular, although bronzed by the action of the sun and air; her smile was captivating, but it appeared too rarely; her usual demeanor was marked by a gravity bordering upon sternness; and it was known in the country that her disposition did not belie her physiognomy. She was said to be indulgent and compassionate to others, but of an inflexibility in her principles which almost approached puritanism. She spoke little, but what she did say was remarkable for its good sense and truth. Moreover, Menella joined to all these excellent qualities an unsophisticated nature, a sound education, and a superior intellect. Her costume was simple and unadorned. She wore a large straw hat, a jacket of brown serge, a short striped petticoat, and clocked stockings. Such was Menella Raymond.

She cast a timid yet searching glance upon the strangers as they dismounted from their horses; but on perceiving Adolphe's eyes intently fixed upon her, she blushed and looked down. Michael Raymond advanced hastily towards her, and demanded in a low mysterious tone, "Well, has he come?"

"Not yet, my father," murmured the young girl.

"Let us hope that he will not come," resumed Michael Raymond, brightening up; "his presence at this moment would singularly embarrass us. But tell me, my dear child, hast thou followed my orders with respect to this stranger lady—hast thou taken care that she wants for nothing?"

"I have done my best, my father."

"Thanks, my dear girl," he said, turning lightly away to introduce her to the two strangers.

"They are welcome to our house," said Menella, inclining with natural dignity.

Renaud and the chevalier uttered a variety of polite nothings upon the occasion; but honest Michael Raymond gently urged Adolphe towards his daughter. "Come, come!" he said, in his hearty way, "you are too ceremonious by half; we are plain, home-y folk, in this out-of-the-world spot, chevalier. Embrace your—embrace Menella."

The chevalier hastened to comply with this unusual invitation which he attributed to the simple and patriarchal manners of the country; but Menella made no movement to sanction the slight familiarity ordered by her father, and which she probably thought a custom "more honored in the breach than the observance." Yet when she felt the chevalier's lips slightly graze her own, she colored, and seemed almost overpowered with confusion. But this emotion was brief, and no one had time to remark it. She hastily re-entered the house, and whilst her father was occupied in dismissing the mountaineers, who had accompanied him to the spot where he had rescued the chevalier from the lawyer's clutches, she introduced her guests into the dining-room, in which a substantial repast had been prepared for them.

This room, situated on the ground floor, presented as gay and pleasing an aspect as everything else about this charming abode. The floor was polished with extreme care, and the cross-beams of the ceiling were sculptured with a taste which could scarcely have been expected in this remote spot. The panels, painted white, had for their sole ornament two large medallions in gilt frames, which appeared to be family portraits; one representing an old man of wondrous aspect in a mountaineer's costume, the other a pretty woman dressed as a shepherdess with a crook in her hand. A few embroidered chairs and a sideboard, upon which was displayed a handsome service of plate, completed the furniture of the room. The strangers gazed around them with astonishment; this luxurious simplicity, this air of almost refined ease which displayed itself in everything around, excited their admiration. But they had scarcely had time to examine the elegant apartment in its principal details, when a well-known voice caused the chevalier to start. At the same instant a young girl, attired much in the same style as Menella, rushed into the room, and threw herself into the chevalier's arms.

"Dear Adolphe!" she cried, "how happy I am that you are again restored to me!"

Mademoiselle de Blancheport, in borrowing from her host's daughter the most important parts of her toilet, had made several pretty additions from her own valise; the result was a charming mixture of richness and simplicity in her dress, which harmonised admirably with her pale features and delicate proportions. Her blond hair fell in natural curls over her shoulders, and if she had looked well as a cavalier, she was truly charming now that she had resumed, with the costume of the woman, her grace and touching femininity.

Adolphe, with shame be it said, had been so attracted by Menella's beauty as almost to have forgotten for the moment his young companion. He was unworthy the lovely girl who had made such sacrifices for him. Strikingly handsome, a devoted admirer of the sex, his disposition was so volatile and fickle that he was utterly incapable of a lasting attachment.

"Geraldine," he said, as he coldly returned her caress, "I thank you for having so promptly sent me aid. Without this expedition I know not what would have become of me."

"Alas! it is not me whom you have to thank," replied Geraldine. "I was too agitated on arriving here either to act or speak; but happy Monsieur Raymond had been already apprised of your perilous position. It is he who has done all—he and his generous daughter."

Menella stood a few paces off, examining them with singular attention. Mademoiselle de Rochefort seized the chevalier's hand

and drew him rapidly towards her new friend. "Here he is," she said, smiling through her tears; "you cannot conceive how much I am attached to him!"

"And I a brother," said Menella, with melancholy, "I might have loved him as you love yours."

This word *brother*, which recalled Menella's error, disconcerted Mademoiselle de Blancheport, and she lowered her head with an air of confusion. The chevalier himself could not help feeling a little embarrassed before the young mountaineer, so pure and austere. The latter looked from one to the other, unable to conceive what there was in the words she had uttered to cause this agitation. Adolphe was the first to overcome his embarrassment.

"Does Mademoiselle Menella believe then," he said, "that there is no other affection than that of a brother or a sister?"

"There is that of a child for its father, and of a father for his child," replied Menella, gravely.

"Mademoiselle," resumed the chevalier, after a moment's silence, "you are far too handsome not to be aware that there is yet another sentiment of which you do not speak."

Menella drew herself up, cast a haughty glance upon the chevalier, and left the room.

"You have offended her!" said Geraldine with vexation; "could you not then refrain from compliments?"

"She is not offended," replied the chevalier, complacently, "but only startled; it is, perhaps, the first compliment which this young savage has received. What a magnificent creature she is!"

Mademoiselle de Blancheport seemed annoyed. At that moment Renaud, who had kept aloof in a corner of the room, approached her, and said, with a profound bow, "Is Mademoiselle de Blancheport, then, so occupied with her new acquaintances, that she pays no attention to her old ones?"

"You here!" she cried, in alarm. "Adolphe, you have deceived me; all danger is not over! This man will destroy our happiness."

"He had better not attempt it!" said the chevalier, menacingly.

"You are severe upon me, mademoiselle," said the lawyer.

"It is true that the mission which I received from your worthy father was to thwart your projects; but this disagreeable part of my duty is now at an end—I see every prospect of being able to arrange this matter to the satisfaction of all parties. I shall be the first to applaud a marriage which will be sanctioned by the consent of the Marquis de Blancheport."

"Be candid, Renaud," said the chevalier eagerly, as he rose; "have you serious reasons for supposing that we shall obtain the marquis's pardon through the intervention of our mysterious protector?"

"Your mysterious protector assures you that you will obtain it," cried Michael Raymond gaily, who re-entered at this moment; "Monsieur Renaud will return to Lyons to-morrow with a letter from me to the marquis; and in a few days, that is to say, after the delay indispensably necessary to go to Lyons and return, we shall celebrate your marriage in the village church with the entire approbation of this obdurate father."

"Oh! monsieur," said Geraldine, gratefully, "obtain my father's pardon and consent, and I will bless you all my life!" The chevalier became pensive, and demanded of Michael Raymond by what possible means he could overcome an obstinacy which he thought invincible.

"That is my secret," replied the king of the Peak; "I will tell you all when success has crowned my efforts. Were I now to take you into my confidence you would find a thousand obstacles to my projects, which I well know how to surmount. I love to render a service, but at the same time I like to do it in my own way."

At this moment Menella returned, followed by two domestics. Michael Raymond placed a finger upon his lips and invited those present to seat themselves at table, saying, "Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!"

A kind of embarrassment prevailed amongst the guests during the repast. Menella, apparently "on hospitable thoughts intent," did the honors of the table with cold politeness. Geraldine was pensive. The chevalier observed with interest all that was passing around him. Renaud kept up a lively conversation with his host, and at the same time did ample justice to the good things before him. One place remained vacant at the end of the table. Adolphe noticed this to his host, who replied carelessly that the seat had been reserved for the schoolmaster, but that he had probably forgotten the dinner hour in one of his usual fits of abstraction. The chevalier, whose curiosity was excited by everything which fell under his observation, shortly afterwards perceived that the master of the house drank out of a silver goblet of antique form, upon which were engraved armorial bearings, almost effaced by time; he leant forward to decipher this coat of arms, thinking that it would probably give him the clue to some discovery; but the king of the Peak, although engaged in a warm controversy with Renaud, remarked the movement, and hastily placed the goblet to his lips. The chevalier, caught *en flagrant delit* (in the very fact), turned aside his head in confusion, and when he again thought fit to renew his examination, he found that the goblet had disappeared, and was replaced by a crystal beaker, filled to the brim with sparkling Hermitage. But at this moment a violent altercation outside attracted general attention. In the midst of the hubbub it was easy to distinguish the shrill tones of the schoolmaster; they were responded to by a coarse, hollow voice, which Michael Raymond's guests had not yet heard.

"*Mathrate fugam!*" (hasten the flight!) cried Pierre Dominique, still faithful to his Virgil. "Begone, lying old knave; there is nothing for you to do in a house in which you so shamefully conducted yourself the last time you came to it."

"Sacristi!—here's a puddle in a storm!" replied the coarse voice, in a strong Auvergnat accent.

"Begone, drunken old fool!" cried the pedant.

"Fool!" repeated the coarse voice; "why, I have forgotten more than ever you knew; but keep a civil tongue in your head, or I shall say something you will not like to hear. I can not only prove you to be a fool but a hypocrite also; the *bailli* little thinks what a wolf in sheep's clothing he has in his fold. Sacristi! how long have you been authorised to prevent people from speaking to the *bailli*?"

"The *bailli* has no wish to see you," said the schoolmaster. "Be off, old toper!"

"Toper!—toper!" muttered the other. "Do you think that I have forgotten the day when you enticed me into your house at the end of the village for the express purpose of making me drunk, and so worming out my secret respecting the *bailli's* fortune? But not a word could you screw out of me; and the cream of the joke was that in trying to fuddle me you got drunk yourself. Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing when I think of it! There you sat blinking like an owl, and looking very much like one for that matter. At last—ha! ha! ha!—at last you fell under the table, and all my tinkering couldn't set you on your legs again—don't you remember it?"

The schoolmaster's voice had suddenly dropped to so low a key that it was impossible for the listeners to catch his reply; but he appeared to be entreating the other to hold his tongue.

"I tell you I will not hold my tongue!" cried the Auvergnat, violently. "I will enter the house in spite of you; they dare not refuse to see me. Is the good man angry because I took a drop too much the last time I was here? I said nothing against him, and I am sure he will not have the heart to turn away his friend Lapiere, the knife-grinder. Now stand further back, old Squaretoes, unless you want me to take the enamel off your nose with my grindstone!"

From the commencement of this dialogue Michael Raymond had turned pale, and rose abruptly. Menella also rose and conferred in a low tone with her father; the guests regarded each other with astonishment, being at a loss how this singular scene would terminate. In the meantime the altercation outside continued.

"I tell you," resumed Pierre Dominique, "that you are not in a fit state to appear in the dining-room."

"The dining-room!" said the other, laughing; "there must be work for me in that quarter; stand aside and let me exercise my calling. Knives and scissors to grind!—knives and scissors to grind!" he added, in the sharp nasal whine peculiar to his tribe. He then rushed into the dining-room.

(To be continued.)

At Wellington Beach, Canada, a seine 222 rods long and about 29 feet deep, covering an area of four acres, is used. But one haul is made a day. On the 16th of July, at one haul, 45,700 white fish were brought to the beach. For nine consecutive days the smallest haul was 18,000 white fish. They are packed at the average of 130 to the barrel. The white fish in Lake Ontario are said to be increasing beyond all estimate, and the Canada fisheries have all been very successful this season.

ANNIE BELL.

I know a rose-embower'd cot,
I know a maid with charms divine;
Ah! would it were my happy lot
That I could call that damsel mine!
I'd envy not the gilded dome,
Or stately halls, where titles dwell,
With that sweet cottage for my home,
And for my bride, sweet Annie Bell.

Sweet Annie Bell! dear Annie Bell!
'Twere bliss that wealth could not impart,
If she with me would deign to dwell,
And only give me heart for heart.

I'd seek no more the halls of light,
No more the revels of the gay;
Those scenes I deem'd so pure and bright,
No more should lure my heart astray;
E'en should my thoughts e'er truant roam,
Love's gentle voice should break the spell,
With that sweet cottage for my home,
And for my bride, sweet Annie Bell.

Sweet Annie Bell! dear Annie Bell!
'Twere bliss those scenes could ne'er impart,
If she with me would deign to dwell,
And only give me heart for heart.

CONSTANCE CARROLTON;

OR,
THE GIPSY HEIR.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

When Reginald rang for tea, Oliver brought a message from Mrs. Grimston, the keeper, who wished to know if she should fetch Mrs. Ravenscroft to her own rooms. At the mention of this woman's name the poor lunatic clung to her step-son, and begged him not to let them take her away.

"Don't be frightened," said he soothingly; "she shall not take you away. You shall stay with me, and I'll send Mrs. Grimston away, and you shall never see her again."

"Won't you send away the other too?" said Mrs. Ravenscroft. "The old one—don't you know?" And she pointed significantly across the table, and moved her eyes up by furtive starts as she used to do to Lady Clarissa's face.

"She is gone," replied Reginald; "she is dead. You will never see her again."

"Oh! I am so glad!" cried the lunatic, clapping her hands. "Then she can't make me look at her any more! and she can't look at me! I'm so glad! Is she buried?"

"Not yet," replied Reginald. "She'll be buried in a few days."

"Make haste and bury her," she whispered in his ear. "She's so tough and so wicked that she'll get up again if you don't."

"She shall not hurt you if she does," replied Reginald. "Tell that person," he said to Oliver, intimating Mrs. Grimston by a glance,

"that I will speak with her presently, and desire Mrs. Sweetman to come here."

When the housekeeper entered, she was surprised to find Mrs. Ravenscroft (in a flurry of delight at the impatience of the office intrusted to her) actually presiding at the tea-table. It is true Reginald sat by her side, and guided her hand, lest she should scald herself with the boiling liquid; it is true also that he had to exercise a sharp surveillance over the other parts of the operation, or one cup might have been filled with cream and the other with sugar; but the idea was to her the same, she was making tea—she was being useful.

"Sit down, Mrs. Sweetman," said Reginald. "I have sent for you to ask a favor of you, which I do not think you will refuse."

"Indeed, sir, you may be sure I won't, if it is anything that lies in my power to do," replied the housekeeper.

"I find that Mrs. Ravenscroft's maid has behaved in a manner that is not at all what it should be," said Reginald, "and I shall be much obliged to you if you will undertake the office until I can find some one else. She will give you very little trouble, and in a few days I will take her to some more cheerful place."

"I'll do what I can, sir," replied the housekeeper, looking very anxious; "and as I said before, sir, if it's anything that I can do, you have only to say the word, as in duty bound. But I'm not over strong, sir, by reason I'm not so young as I was."

"Have you ever heard that any strength was required?" asked Reginald.

"No, sir, I can't say I have exactly," replied Mrs. Sweetman. "But I have heard of tantrums."

"The irritability caused by vexations and unnecessary interference, that is all," said Reginald. "With kind and gentle treatment there is the utmost docility. Take my place here for ten minutes, and you will be able to judge for yourself. You will give Mrs. Sweetman a cup of tea, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Ravenscroft, pleased as a child at the notice he took of her, and the freedom he allowed. "Sit down, Mrs. Sweetman, sit down. I think I remember you," she added, staring at her visitor with a pained expression, "a long—long time ago!"

"You are forgetting the tea, dear," said Reginald, patting her face between his hands, and kissing her on the forehead. "I dare say you remember Mrs. Sweetman, for she is a very old friend of ours; so don't keep her waiting for her tea."

Having thus turned her poor brain from a dangerous subject, and set it on a right track, Reginald went out to speak to Mrs. Grimston.

The good old housekeeper was so deeply affected by her master's tender care of his unfortunate step-mother, that she could not restrain her tears. Mrs. Ravenscroft looked at her, half in fear, half in curiosity, and pulled her handkerchief from her face. It was years since she had seen a tear in human eye, nor had she shed one herself since she lost her reason. The sight moved her strangely. Wild convulsive sobs heaved her bosom, and she continued to stare yearningly in the old woman's face and streaming eyes, while yet no "fellowly drops" moistened her own parched eye-balls. Mrs. Sweetman read in that wild up-turned face and those dry, bitter sobs, such a passionate appeal for tender, womanly sympathy, that she folded the poor lunatic to her broad bosom, and held her there in a close embrace. Then the dried-up well-springs of that suffering and tortured heart once more overflowed, with a violent gush at first, and passionate throes, but gradually calming down till the sobs came at longer and longer intervals, and at last she slept.

Reginald had but a very brief colloquy with Mrs. Grimston. He told her he had no doubt she had performed her office to the best of her ability, but being convinced that Mrs. Ravenscroft's case required a different mode of treatment, he should discontinue her future services, and requested her to leave the house the following morning as early as convenient, as her late charge had so great a dread of her that he thought it advisable she should not see her again.

The woman attempted explanations and remonstrances, and finding that plan of no avail, had recourse to another course of tactics—pretended to shed tears, and talked of her long and faithful services. Without any harshness, Reginald gave her plainly to understand that all this was of no use, and having paid her what wages she demanded, without any investigation of the correctness of her claim, left her with imperative injunctions to depart in the morning.

Mrs. Sweetman's kind heart having been completely gained by the unfortunate lady, Reginald found no difficulty in prevailing upon her to undertake the post left vacant by Mrs. Grimston's dismissal. The plan he proposed offered many inducements besides, as he intended (if his opinion were supported by medical advice) that Mrs. Ravenscroft should be removed from St. Osyth's, and travel about wherever the doctors might think it desirable.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WEEK after the fire the double funeral took place. Reginald saw the remains of his father and grandmother consigned to the family vault, and when all was over he retreated to the lonely strip of beach, and shed a few bitter tears on the storm-beaten pile of stones beneath which his mother lay buried. He thought of the sweet voice that had recited the same prayers that he had just heard read by the officiating clergyman, and his proud heart was subdued. He leaned his brow against the rock, and prayed fervently and with humble spirit that Constance might be saved from danger.

A touch on the shoulder aroused him. It was John Lynch, his dark face expressing wild excitement, and his chest heaving from the speed with which he had descended the cliff. Reginald grasped his hand and uttered the one word, "Safe!"

"Ay—ay—safe and well," replied the smith. "What has happened to her I cannot tell; but I've found her; and that, I suppose, is all you want."

"Are you sure you were not mistaken? Are you quite sure it was she?" asked Reginald, eagerly.

"Did you ever know me to forget any face I had once taken notice of?" returned the smith, with a smile of irony—"and her face too! Why anybody could remember that."

"And where is she?" inquired Reginald. "Tell me the whole tale from beginning to end, as you used to do when I was a boy, John Lynch. Come—sit down, old friend, and don't miss a word of it."

They sat side by side upon a shelf of rock, and Reginald rested his cheek upon his hand, and his elbow on his knee, and gave himself up to the delight of listening to a tale of deeper interest than had ever held him silent and breathless in his boyish years.

"I told you," began the gipsy, "that I would be off upon the search myself, so I dressed myself in travelling trim, as you see," glancing down upon the ragged costume of a beggar, "and skirted along the coast. Plenty of shipwrecks I heard of, but no little boat with a lady in it came ashore. I had no luck for five days; but yesterday, as I was prowling along a wide stretch of beach down in Devonshire, what should I see but a small boat lying above high water mark, bottom upwards! I didn't know her at first in that position, but still there was a something about her that made me go nearer. Sure enough, it was your honor's little Wild-duck!"

"You are positive you saw Miss Carrolton safe and well?" said Reginald, drawing the breath through his closed teeth.

"That I did, and no mistake," replied the smith.

"Then go on," said Reginald.

"When I saw that boat I was confounded," continued the smith; "but then I sees she could not have got where she lay unless she'd been hauled up; and, thinks I, the same hands that hauled up the boat would be able to save the young lady; and then I thought of the life-belt, and mighty glad was I to see the marks of a large dog's feet on the sand. Off I sets to the nearest village, and on my way I met one of our people who told me he thought he had got a trace of her. He had heard of a lady being at a farm-house about two miles off the sea, and he went begging to the house, but couldn't get a sight of her, because he saw the master, and he's so charitable he never turns a beggar away empty, so there was no pretence for making a row, and bringing the folks out of doors. Well, as I had got Jim Bryce's experience to guide me, I made him show me the farm, and then I skulked about till I saw the master go out, and a fine Scotch sheep dog with him, and after that I saw the missus busy in the garden. I seized the opportunity, and cut away round to the back door, where I had seen a vinegar-faced servant-maid just before. I knocked first, and then set up a dismal story about my wife and eight small children, all ill of the ague, with nothing to eat, and no money to pay for doctor or physic. Just as I expected, the cross maid came out and began calling me a gipsy thief, and all manner of names. But of course I wouldn't stir for that. It was just what I wanted; and the more she scolded the more I whined; till at last the parlor door opened, and who should come out but Miss Carrolton herself! She was wrapped in a shawl, and looked very pale, and so weak she was obliged to hold by the wall as she came along the passage. She said something to the servant that sounded like a reproach, but her voice was so faint I could not catch the words. And then she came forward and gave me a half-crown. Here it is," he continued, showing it suspended by a ribbon round his neck, "and here it shall remain as long as I live. I bored a hole in it as I came back here by the express train last night. And now that's all the story, Master Reginald, and I hope you are satisfied with what I have done."

"Satisfied!" repeated Reginald, "my good friend, I am more than satisfied. I am grateful—I am delighted! One more favor I shall ask of you. To change that dress, and go with me to-morrow to show me the house. I have arranged all my affairs here in such a way that I can leave at a minute's notice. When you have got your own clothes on, my friend, come to the house and ask for me. We can then arrange about the trains and so forth."

He stood up and remained for a few moments silent, with his eyes fixed on the ground. Then he extended one hand to the smith, and laid the other upon the cairn.

"You have removed a mountain from my breast, John," he said, "and when I forget your kindness I shall have forgotten her whom we laid here in her last home. I may not have many more opportunities of speaking to you before I go, but be sure if I die on the field of battle, and have time to think at all, I shall remember your friendship. God bless you, John!"

He turned quickly, and sprang up the rocky path.

"And God bless you!" muttered the smith, looking after him, "though as for not seeing me again, I don't quite know about that. I should not like a soldier's life, there's too much confinement, and too many rules, and too many orders to suit my constitution. But something in the sutler line would do very well, I fancy; and there's so many rascals take to that trade, I don't see why I should not try it too. And then I can keep an eye upon him."

After this colloquy, the smith followed Reginald up the cliff, but before reaching the hermitage he turned off into a less-defined and more difficult track that led round the rock into the ravine.

CHAPTER XIX.

On the second evening after Constance's escape from the Priory, the inmates of a farm-house on the Devonshire coast were assembled for the purpose of evening prayer in the large and comfortable parlor. The utmost order and decorum prevailed, for the master was respected as much as he was beloved by his dependents.

Joseph Franklyn made no pretension to be a "gentleman farmer," he kept no hounds nor hunters—he did not even join the hunt, but he was a gentleman for all that, and no occupation or mere outward environment could have made him otherwise. His face bore a singular resemblance to the portraits of Melancthon, and expressed a delicacy and refinement which his homely farmer's dress rather enhanced by the contrast. His head was lofty (as with such a face it must of necessity be), and the fine hair, turning gray and falling off at the temples, suffered the whole contour to be visible—a sight that would have filled a chronologist with rapture. He read the appointed chapter in a simple and unassuming style, but in a voice of extraordinary sweetness, and with an earnestness that never failed to rivet the attention of his hearers. His wife sat beside him with quiet dignity, and felt proud of her husband, though she was weak enough (and a sad weakness it was) to fancy that no one but herself could see through his homely and unassuming exterior, and appreciate the sterling goodness of his character. She did not comprehend that others, as well as herself, must see that such a man as she had the happiness to call husband would ennoble any station of life. To her (in her own private judgment) he was a gentleman in the best sense of the word—refined in thought and feeling—deeply, but unobtrusively, religious; just, charitable, and true. No coarse expression, no outburst of anger, ever sullied his lips. The drinking bouts of the neighboring farmers had no attractions for him; and while the best that his house contained in cellar or larder was set before them when they came under his own roof, he systematically refrained on all possible occasions from joining in their parties, which were never considered to have been properly and hospitably concluded unless every male guest went away considerably the worse for liquor. Yet, with the fullest appreciation of his worth, she did not give others credit for the same discernment, but thought that to all the world beside he was a mere plain farmer. Nevertheless, in her inmost heart she was proud of him, as she ought to be, and as no persons were present whose superior education or position might (to her foolish fancy) give them a right to sneer at him, she gave herself up with her whole soul to her devotion. At the close of the usual prayer, Mr. Franklyn added a short extemporaneous one for those who had been exposed to the "pelting of the pitiless storm" upon the treacherous sea, and his wife responded "Amen" in a broken voice.

"Go to bed, love," said Mr. Franklyn, kissing his wife, after the servants had dispersed, "you look sadly tired. I shall just step down to the beach again, to see if there is anything to be done. But don't sit up. I'll take the key."

"You talk of stepping down to the beach as if it were only a two minutes' walk, instead of a long two miles," said his wife.

"Nay, nay, love," he interrupted, smilingly, "not more than a mile and a half."

"Well, whatever it is," said his wife, "you have been down three times to-day already, and surely that is enough."

"I shall feel much more comfortable if I go again," he replied. "It is all very well to pray for the sufferers under a comfortable roof and safe from all danger; but to my way of thinking such prayers are an insult to Providence unless we follow them up by doing as well whatever lies in our power to do."

"I see you are determined to go," said his wife, "so it's no use to argue with you. But pray take Richard with you. It is so late to go alone along that dreary road."

"Richard is tired, love," returned Mr. Franklyn.

"He has not had so much to tire him as you have, dear," replied Mrs. Franklyn; "and the long and the short of it is, that if you go for your own pleasure, Richard must go for mine; for if you go by yourself I shall be miserable till you are safe back again."

"Well, well," said her husband, "Richard shall go, so make your mind easy."

The man was not very willing to leave the bright kitchen fire for the dreary night out of doors, but to accompany such a master for the satisfaction of so kind a mistress, he concealed any such feeling, and started off without a word.

The moon was shining bright when they reached the shore.

"There beant nothing on the water, maister," said Richard, in his broad west country dialect.

"No," responded his master, scanning the expanse of the rolling sea with more attention, "I am thankful to see no signs of wreck. But the damage must have been fearful in many parts."

"What's the dog about?" said Richard, pointing to the Scotch sheep dog, which had just dashed into the waves with a wild cry.

"He has found something," exclaimed Mr. Franklyn, running down the sands. "Good Heavens! It is a human body!"

"And there be a boat too," said the man, "turned roight over!"

Mr. Franklyn ran into the water to assist the noble dog in bringing the drowned person ashore. It was a woman with long brown hair that floated on the water like sea-weed. She was perfectly insensible, but as the boat was so near, and she was supported by a swimming belt, it seemed possible that life might be not yet extinct. At considerable risk of being swept away by the tumultuous waves, the master and dog brought the inanimate body to the dry beach, while Richard had contrived to do nearly the same by the boat.

"Never mind the boat!" cried Mr. Franklyn. "Come here, Richard, and help me to carry this woman to the house."

"Lor, sir!" said Richard, "she be dead. It beant no mortal use to carry a corpse up to the house. Best leave her safe on the sands, and send the folks with a cart for her. They'll hold the crowner's quest in your house, and give the missus a world of trouble."

"Dead or alive, she rests under my roof this night," said the master, resolutely, and if you will not carry her, I will. She is warm yet, and I feel sure that she still lives."

"Lor! do'ee though?" said the man, now really interested in the fate of the drowned person. "Olive her to I, sir. I can carry her best by myself. Thee beant over strong."

This was true. Mr. Franklyn was a slightly made and rather delicate man, but he would have overtasked his strength to perform a duty. The clown, who was a giant in strength and limbs, took the insensible girl in his arms like a baby, and carried her with ease, holding her close to him, that his warmth might help to restore her.

The dog ran on before, and by his scratching and barking had aroused every one in the house before his master presented himself. Mrs. Franklyn was sitting up till her husband's return, and had fallen asleep by the fire; but when she opened the door and found the dog alone, and in a state of violent excitement, she drew the very natural inference that some calamity had happened, and uttered a shriek that brought all the servants down stairs in alarm. In a few minutes the sound of her husband's voice reassured her.

"All's right, Eliza!" he shouted, "make up the fire! we are bringing some one home!"

All was hurry and bustle in a moment. The bellows were at work, blankets were fetched, and water was set on to boil, by the time that the master entered followed by the stalwart carter bearing his dripping charge. She was laid before the fire, and while Mrs. Franklyn and her maids divested the seemingly lifeless girl of her clothes and wrapped her in hot blankets, the other man was sent for a doctor. Richard reposed himself in the parlor, and Mr. Franklyn changed his apparel, which was wetted completely through by the sea water.

"May I come in?" said the master, tapping at the kitchen door. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he entered. "Are there any signs of life?" he asked.

"There is warmth about the heart and stomach," replied his wife, "and just now I thought I felt a slight movement of the heart. Oh! Joseph!" she added, pressing his hand, "how thankful I am that you would not let me persuade you to stay at home to-night!"

"That will do, dear," said he, returning the pressure with interest. "I wish the doctor would come."

Mrs. Franklyn neglected nothing that seemed likely to assist in restoring the sufferer; piles of blankets, bottles of hot water, mustard plasters to the feet and stomach, till at length a faint respiration was discoverable, and by the time the surgeon arrived the patient had even swallowed a tea-spoonful of brandy and water. After some hours of careful attendance he pronounced that her recovery was no longer doubtful. She was put into bed, and left to sleep.

Early the next morning he came again. The patient was too weak to speak, but she opened her eyes and looked at him, smiled faintly at Mrs. Franklyn, seemed grateful for the kindness she received, and slept again.

"It is strange that she should be out on the sea alone in that little boat," said Mrs. Franklyn, as they talked the matter over with the doctor down stairs.

"She is quite a lady," said his wife. "I can see that from her clothes."

"Have you found out her name?" asked the surgeon.

"Carrolton," replied Mrs. Franklyn, "Constance Carrolton is marked on her pocket-handkerchief, and C. C. or C. Carrolton on her linen."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Henderson, taking a newspaper from his pocket, "then I think I have a clue to the discovery of her identity. Look here, Franklyn! there was a Miss Carrolton, a governess, supposed to have been killed at St. Osyth's, in that dreadful fire, when Mr. Ravenscroft and his mother Lady Clarissa were burnt to death. Here is the evidence before the coroner. Miss Carrolton is missing. What is more probable than that the poor girl, frightened out of her senses by the fire, should get into a boat, and so be carried out to sea, and by God's providence cast ashore just on the very spot that you, you good Samaritan, had taken under your charge!" And he clasped his friend on the shoulder as he spoke.

"And I tried all I could to keep him at home!" said Mrs. Franklyn, with a quivering lip.

"Hush!" whispered her husband. "I think you are quite right in your conjecture, Mr. Henderson; it accounts for her being out by herself; and it is not likely that two young ladies of the same name would be lost and found within fifty miles of each other in so short a time."

"Had we not better send and let them know she is safe?" suggested Mrs. Franklyn.

"Why, I think not," said the doctor; "she is not a member of the family, and in a day or two she will be able to act for herself."

So it was decided that nothing should be done in the matter, and Reginald was kept in suspense for some days longer till informed of Constance's safety by his gipsy friend. On the occasion of John Lynch's visit to the house she heard from the servant's words that there was a gipsy at the door, and for love of one who had some of the dark blood of that wild race in his veins, she crawled out to speak a word of kindness, if she had strength to utter it, and at all events to relieve his distress.

(To be continued.)

One night last week, as we learn from the *La Pierre* (Mich.) *Republican*, a disgraceful outrage was perpetrated in that place. It appears that a man and a woman but recently arrived there, and keeping a saloon, were suspected of being rather loose in their habits; consequently a party of disgruntled men repaired to the domicile of this miserable couple, and rapping at the door, were answered by the man of the house, who was immediately seized, tarred, and treated to a gratuitous ride upon a sharp-pedged rail. While this was going on, a part of the gang entered the house and dragged the woman from her bed into the street, and exposed to the gaze of the obscene rabble, hauled her through the mud, and applied a swab, dipped in a mixture of tar and feathers, to her person. They were then let go.



HOW CHINESE COOLIES MIND THE WEATHER AT HONG KONG.

A TRIP FROM PARIS TO CHINA.

(By our own Correspondent.)

The fine weather with which we had been favored during the most part of our sojourn in Hong-Kong soon came to an end, and the long season of rain set in. No "equinoctial" that ever drenched the American soil can compare with this visitation of storm and rain, and for many days we were involuntary prisoners within doors. Being thus thrown entirely upon our own resources, the time passed very heavily. Our only diversion consisted in looking out of the window, and amusing ourselves with the curious costumes, and yet more curious faces, of the passers.

John Chinaman appears totally indifferent to the weather; neither soaking rain nor burning sun can disturb his philosophy in the least. From our window we could discern groups of "coolies" shuffling by in the singular dress which they assume during these long storms. The coat is composed entirely of long and narrow

leaves, which form an excellent protection against the rain, and the spreading bamboo hats are better than any umbrella. Some were carrying water-jugs, balanced on their shoulders by means of long poles; others hurried along with strings of fish or bunches of bananas dangling from their fingers, and others sat on corners and crossings, with long pipes in their mouths, waiting for employment. Even the ladies were out, and tripped along the narrow walks beneath their umbrellas as if the descending torrents made no sort of impression upon them.

But everything has an end, and after our patience had been worn nearly threadbare, the sun peeped out from between the gray masses of cloud, and an interval of pleasant weather followed the long rain. Of course we took instant advantage of this change for the better, to resume our promenades about the city.

Hong-Kong is swarming with rats, and although the Chinese appreciate these delicacies to the utmost extent, they are by no means an agreeable sight to a foreign eye. In the jail alone two hundred rats are nightly dispatched, and the Chinese prisoners

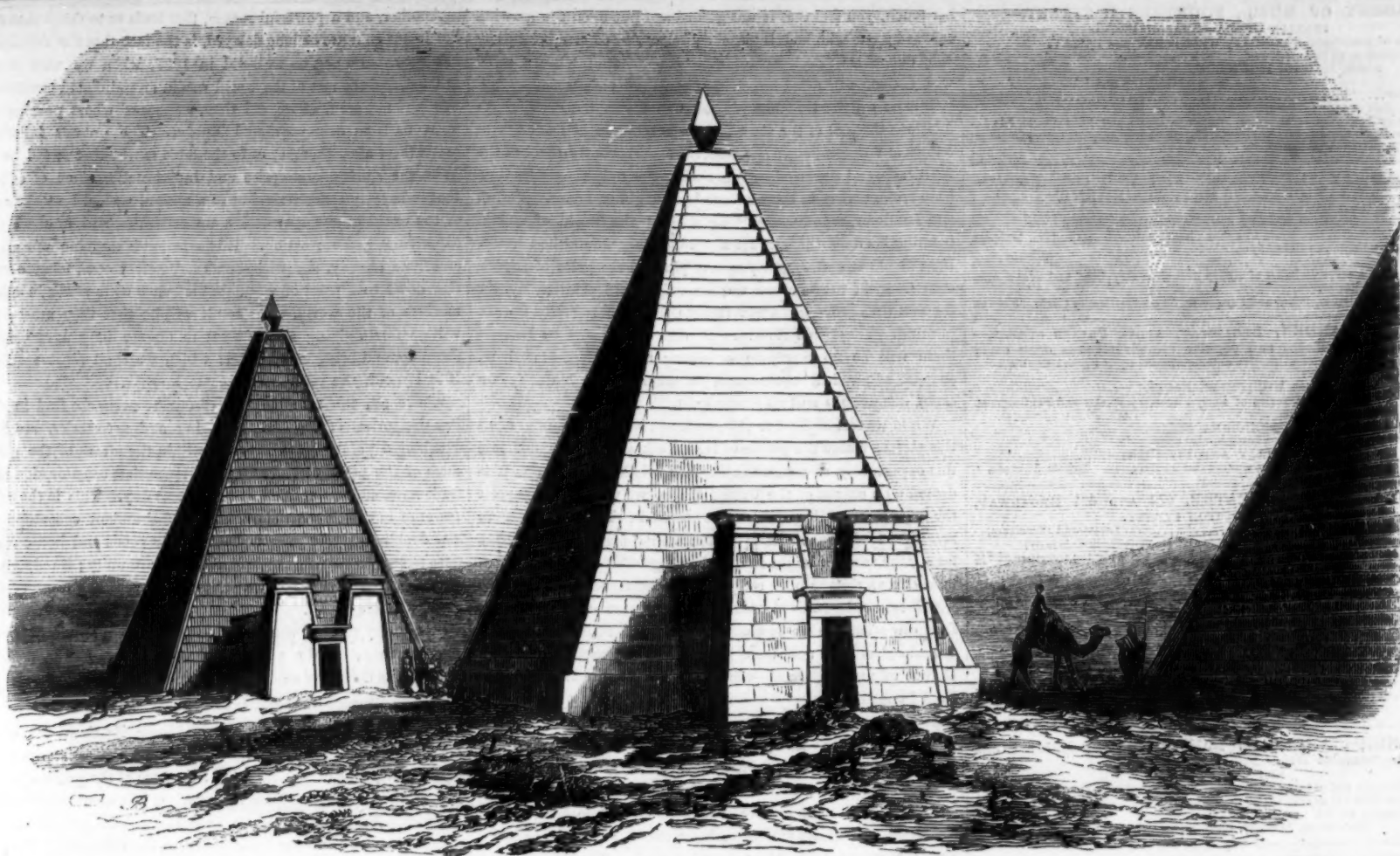
were driven to the very verge of madness by seeing piles of these dainties thrown out. At last they could no longer refrain from giving expression to their feelings. First they tried to possess themselves secretly of the delicacies. The punishment for any violation of prison discipline consists in cutting off the long braided "tail" in which the Chinaman delights, and the loss of tail is equivalent to the loss of caste in John's eyes; but the temptation of the rats was too strong, and they dared the consequences. Falling in this attempt, they adopted a more straightforward plan of action, and got up a memorial in good Chinese, demonstrating, from the pages of Confucius, that it is sinful to waste the food of man, and asking that the discarded luxuries might be made over to their use!

It is needless to add that the jailers, influenced by a fellow-feeling no doubt, found it impossible to deny the plaintively-worded request, and the captives were made happy for the time being!

The war creates more or less excitement here, and many ex-



CHOW-CHOW (CHINESE SUPPER) AT HONG KONG.



PYRAMIDS WEST OF MOUNT BARKAL, WITH CASING AND SUMMIT RESTORED. SEE PAGE 316.

aggregated rumors reach us on the subject. A very amusing anecdote was told us the other evening by an American officer, of the schoolboy enthusiasm shown by the English sailors. The Chinese are in the habit of adorning their cannons with bright colored ribbons, and Jack Tar, when he boarded the junks, generally possessed himself of this bit of ostentation, and fastened it upon his own artillery. A British boat was obliged to pass between two junks, already in a blaze, whose guns, still decked with streamers, pointed directly across its course. "Give way, men!" cried the commanding officer, fearful that the guns would be discharged, or the junks explode before they got clear. The men, however, looked wistfully in the dangerous direction. "Beg pardon, sir," insinuated one of them, speaking for the rest, "we've got no ribbons on our guns; mightn't we just go and take away them things?" The commander promptly declined running the risk of being "blown up" to obtain the desired prize, however.

We never saw any quadrupeds grazing on the sides of the mountains, which are visible from our hotel windows. Sometimes a buffalo crosses the island, but he is generally on his way to the slaughter-house. A cow we never once beheld; yet there is milk. But that milk is used by few, and shuddered at by many. The only four-footed thing which could be supposed to produce it, is the pig, for pigs are plentiful in Hong-Kong. This is the darkest mystery of gastronomy; but strange cautions are whispered, with oblique glances at the milk jug, and very few people use any, except what is sent out in tin cans.

We had a fine opportunity a day or two ago of witnessing one of the convivial re-unions which form the pleasantest of Chinese relaxations. After being entertained for some time by the monotonous musical sounds, in which the Chinese critic delights, the party adjourns to the supper-table, where spoons and chopsticks are in great demand. Immense politeness is shown to the ladies, and a ceremonious punctilio is strictly observed. Tea formed the chief beverage, served up in small China bowls or cups; but their native wine, resembling in flavor weak and acid Madeira, was also on the table.

All the viands were cut into small square pieces, and put into a dish of rich soup or gravy, and various descriptions of dried pieces, preserved fruits, and sweetmeats were tastefully arranged in carved baskets to tempt the appetite. *Sam-shoo*, a spirituous liquor extracted from rice, was liberally partaken of both hot and cold. There was also a great variety of ripe fruit—pineapples, pomegranates, sweet melons, oranges, and last, though not least, the delicious mango, of whose exquisite flavor no one that has not tasted it can form the least idea. It is popularly called the best of all known fruits, and those who have once eaten it find all other fruit comparatively insipid beside its intensity of flavor.

There was a good deal of mirth and Celestial witticism among

the little party seated around the circular table, and to our foreign eyes they presented a most singular and amusing appearance; the men with their yellow cadaverous faces, and long braided tails of coarse black hair, and the women with their locks drawn tightly away from the forehead, heavy jewels dangling in their ears, and loose embroidered jackets decorating the upper part of their figures.

I must not forget, while upon this subject, to chronicle our own experience the other evening at a Chinese dinner party, to which we were invited as a mark of high consideration. We attended, not without some misgivings, but at first all went off capitally; delicate game and pastry were served up, and our spirits rose at a rapid rate. At the next course, brought in on colored porcelain, appeared the celebrated bird's nest soup, made from the gelatinous lining of the swallow's nest. It has a singular taste, not unlike unflavored calf's-foot jelly, until the various sauces and condiments generally used are added, when it becomes a very spicy and far from disagreeable soup.

After one or two dubious experiments, we concluded that this new compound was not so bad after all, and were just beginning to enjoy its racy, piquant flavor, when another dish made its

appearance, which "did" for the rest of the dinner so far as we were concerned.

It was a plate of worms—not exactly earth worms, which, although they are said to be a great dish with the Celestials, we never once saw at table—but the small grubs which are found at the root of the sugar-cane. They are carefully sought after, and considered a delicious morsel by the Chinese *bon-vivant* and epicure. Imagine our feelings when pressed to partake of this unaccustomed viand!

All the hospitable attentions of our host proved of no avail after this epoch in the meal. We must have fallen a dozen degrees in his estimation, for we steadily confined ourselves to rice, fruit, and tea during the succeeding stages of the dinner, and were heartily glad to leave the table when at length the time for departure arrived! Since that occasion we have politely declined all invitations to Chinese dinners of state.

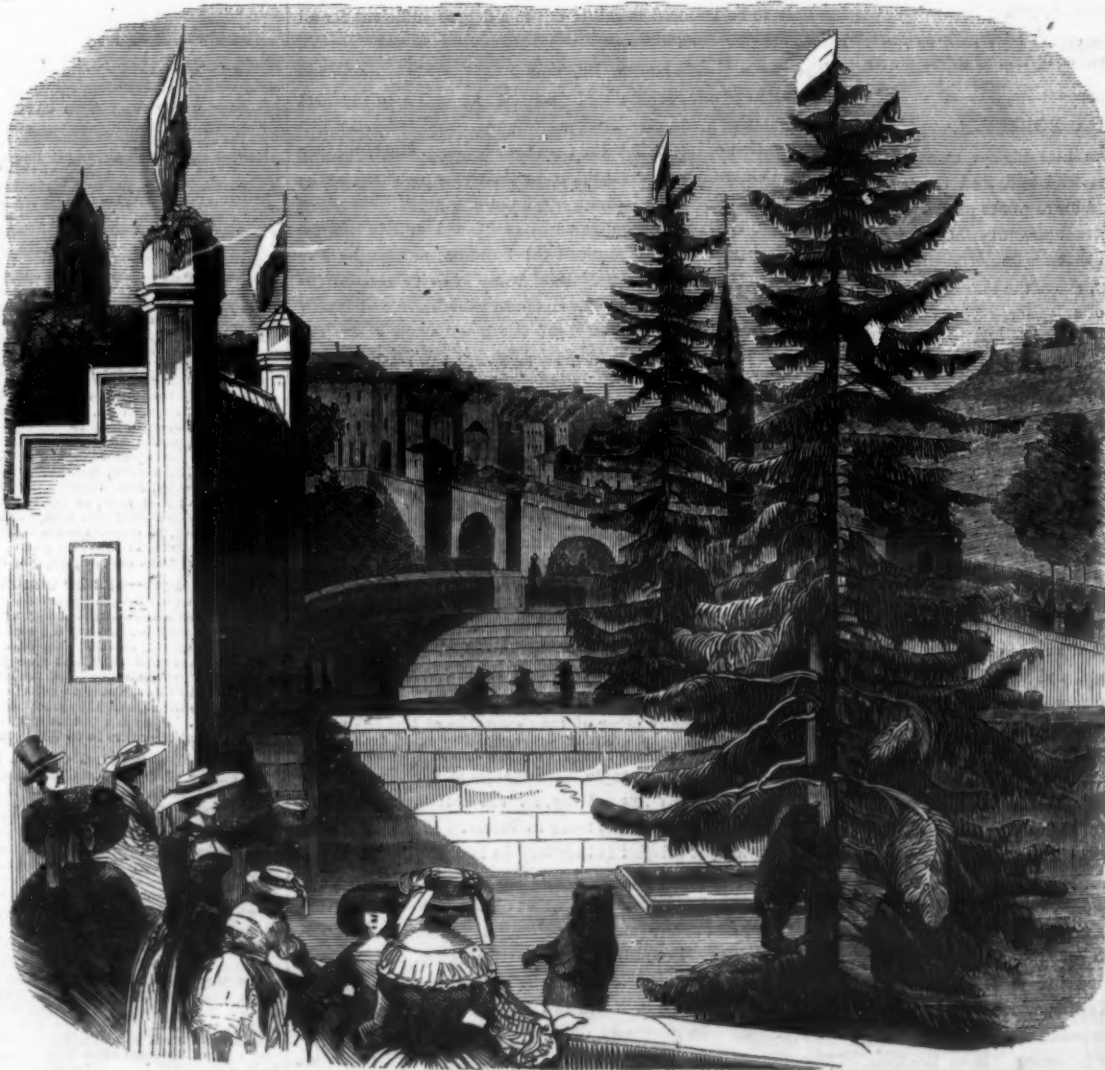
The houses of the higher classes here are built within walled enclosures, and are very splendid in their way; while those who inhabit the suburbs, or neighboring country, are surrounded by gardens and grounds, whose luxury affords a strong contrast to the mean narrow streets and frail tenements of some parts of Hong-Kong.

THE NEW BEAR GARDEN IN BERNE.

THE derivation of the names of the old cities in Europe is generally lost in the darkness of the olden times; but in some of them popular tradition retains some memory of the origin, and it is usually based upon an insignificant thing which it is difficult to reconcile the imagination to. A curious instance of this exists in the name of the pretty town of Berne, in Switzerland, which is said to come from *baren*, the plural of the German word *bar* (a bear). This animal not only figures in the armorial bearings of the town, on its coins, fountains and public buildings, but a garden is maintained at the public expense where numbers of the living animals are kept. They are considered a part of the State property, and live on the best terms with the inhabitants, who feed and pet them greatly. A new bear garden has recently been opened for their greater comfort and pleasure, a beautiful view of which is given in the accompanying illustration.

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.—At an association dinner, debate arose as to the benefit of whipping, in bringing up children. Old Mr. Morse took the affirmative. His opponent, a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very high, affirmed that parents often did harm to their children by punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well, retorted the doctor, "it cured you, didn't it?" The doctor beat.

An editor in Minnesota threatens to break up house-keeping and go to boarding with his delinquent subscribers.



THE NEW BEAR GARDEN IN BERNE.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FOURTEENTH STREET.—
ITALIAN OPERA—SEASON 1857-8.
Nights of performance, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY.
First appearance in America of
Mlle. ERMINIE FREZZOLINI,
Signori GASSIER and LABOCETTA.
Conductor.....Carl Anschütz.
Doors open at 7½; to commence at 8.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Parquette, Parquette Circle and First Circle, \$1; Seated Seats, 50 cents extra; Family Circle, 50 cents; Amphitheatre, 25 cents; Private Boxes, from \$6 to \$20.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—E. A. MARSHALL, LESSEE.—
GRAND BALLET ENTERTAINMENT.
This week the celebrated
RONZANI BALLET AND PANTOMIME TROUPE
make their debut in New York, in a grand ballet, in three acts and ten tableaux composed by Domenico Ronzani, entitled
FAUST,
supported by a corps de ballet of eighty first class coryphees, and over a hundred male auxiliaries.
Prices of Admission, Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE STREET.—
This magnificent and popular establishment is open every evening, for a variety of attractive entertainments by the great double Company of the
WONDERFUL RAVELS,
who appear nightly in a series of Fairy Pieces, spectacles and Pantomimes. The beautiful and talented
SIGNORINA ROLLA,
from Venice, Milan, Paris and London, also appears in
GRAND BALLET AND DIVERTISSEMENT.
Doors open at 7; Performance commences at 8 o'clock. Tickets 50 cents.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.
Miss Laura Keene.....Sole Lessee and Directress.
Now open for the season, with an able and efficient Stock Company.
Doors open at 7. The performance will commence with the Overture at 7½ o'clock.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, 585 BROADWAY, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.
T. B. JOHNSON.....Stage Manager.
W. B. MOORE.....Treasurer.
Open every evening, with a talented company. Doors open at Seven o'clock. Curtain will rise a quarter before Eight.
Admission, 25 cents. Orchestra Seats, 50 cents.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The celebrated and incomparable Welsh Nightingale,
Miss E. L. WILLIAMS,
every afternoon and evening.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS, 444 BROADWAY, BELOW GRAND STREET.
Henry Wood.....Business Manager.
Geo. Christy.....Stage Manager.
HOME AGAIN.
This Company, after a most successful visit to Philadelphia, where they have performed in twelve nights to over 25,000 persons, will appear at their old quarters every evening during the week.
Doors open at 7; commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

NEVER BEFORE EXHIBITED IN AMERICA.
THE
ANATOMICAL MUSEUM OF DR. REENTZ,
Chinese Buildings, No. 539 Broadway.
400 models of the most finished Art. Lectures to gentlemen daily at 12, 4, and 8 o'clock, by Dr. Jackson, except Fridays, when ladies only are admitted and lectured to by a scientific and professional lady. Admission 25c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and everything will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1857.

Notice to Correspondents.—OWAH MENAH.—Please send us something that we can form a judgment on, or inform us where a note would reach you.

THE FINE ARTS—ROSA BONHEUR.

It is a pleasant thing, amid the gloom that fills the commercial world, that there are many persons who still find time, and possess the disposition, to look at and admire works of art. It is one of the redeeming things of intellectual pleasures that they are not subject to panics and failures, and that the immortal principle is really, and, as we all feel and know, above the sordid associations that include the grosser objects of existence. Those persons whose minds are entirely absorbed with what are really common-place pursuits, suddenly arrested in a successful career, find themselves without resources, and sink into despondency and become common-place; while, on the other hand, those individuals who happily diversify business with the cultivation of the intellect, while they are restrained on one side from an over-estimate of material wants, are comforted in the loss by the wealth of their minds, which is made more valuable because it is for the moment more properly appreciated.

The exhibition of Rosa Bonheur's great picture of the "Horse Fair" has created quite a sensation, not only among the world which include the admirers of art generally, but all engaged in the profession have been astonished at the force of genius which is glowing on the canvas before them, and a new era has been inaugurated of the capacities and powers of the magic pencil. It is unquestionably true that Rosa's picture is one of the most remarkable paintings ever exhibited on this continent, and while it was in Paris, the metropolis of pictures, it was without a rival among modern paintings. Not only is it remarkable for its truthfulness in all its details, for its faultlessness of composition, and unrivalled coloring, but it is also eminently remarkable as the work of a female hand.

Heretofore women have never been able, in their labors of this kind, to unsex themselves, and their creations have always exhibited a feminine weakness. One of the most prominent female sculptors that ever lived caused her mailed warriors to resemble Joan of Arc. Angelica Kaufman, who was fond of painting Grecian gods, could never make her Mars anything superior to a heavy-limbed woman in armor. Rosa Bonheur, however, has done up her work with a power and manliness that no rival artist of the sterner sex can surpass; while you look at

her touch, you feel that it was guided and put upon the glowing canvas by one who had internal consciousness of creative energy—by one whose arm knew no feebleness—whose intellect glowed with the same fire that impelled Michael Angelo's brain.

It is no wonder that her portrait appears in the Parisian exhibitions the idol of the crowd—that her bosom is loaded with crosses and decorations; she deserves the profound respect of the multitude, and the regal by inheritance can only show that they have true nobility in their nature by doing her honor. Vernet and Landseer, who have so long divided the world of animal painting between them, must now hide their diminished heads. Rosa Bonheur and Jane Eyre have plucked the palm of superiority from the brows of our modern writers and painters, and for the first time prove incontrovertibly that there is really no sex in mind. They have given us to understand why in Heaven there will be no marrying or giving in marriage—for there, stripped of physical distinctions, so necessary for harmony on earth, distinctions will no longer exist.

While we feel obliged to the gentleman who has seen fit to put this picture before the public of New York city, and cannot lose this opportunity of congratulating the whole country that it is owned by a citizen of the United States, we would here express the hope that it will eventually be placed in circumstances more favorable to the spectator to appreciate its merits. One wishes for a large room, a bright sun, and an agreeable seat. The spectator desires time to fully comprehend what is before him, things which cannot be realized under the present manner of exhibition. Let our wishes in these matters should not realized, let every one who has time and taste go and see the most remarkable picture of modern times—the handiwork of the incomparable Rosa Bonheur.

EVIDENCES OF FINANCIAL RELIEF.

The pressure in the money market, after having shown symptoms of relaxation, has returned again in full force, and a want of confidence in the future has come back stronger than before, with the numerous failures among both merchants and banking institutions that have taken place since last week. The hope that we had touched the lowest point of the revulsion having been disappointed, a deeper gloom has settled upon the minds of our mercantile community, and all look forward to the future with dread. In consequence of this feeling, our mechanical and manufacturing establishments have curtailed their operations in every possible way, in order to wait for the result. Laborers have been discharged in large numbers, and a vague and undefined apprehension of an indefinite continuance of hard times has usurped the place of the hope that the panic would be of short and temporary endurance.

These results are natural in the midst of the gloom that overshadows all commercial operations. But we do not share in these dark apprehensions. There are many causes that tend with great force to lead us to believe that the period of recuperation, the time when confidence shall be restored among merchants, and active employment shall seek laborers, is not far distant. We have before, when commenting upon the pressure of the times, alluded to the fact that money exists in abundance in the hands of our capitalists, and that confidence in the operations seeking it has only to be restored to call it out to a degree sufficient for all legitimate purposes.

The present panic has not, like that of 1837, entirely destroyed that portion of our accumulated wealth which exists in the form of a circulating medium. That medium was composed to a much greater extent of intrinsic value than ever before. Gold, pouring in from California and Australia, had inflated the monetary circulation of the world, and disarranged the due relation between property and labor. Speculations in real estate and in unproductive schemes was the result of this inflation, and the natural revulsion has come upon us. Confidence in every class of investment being destroyed, money has been withdrawn and is now hidden. But the inflation of 1837 was based upon exorbitant paper issues by the banks, and the revulsion, in destroying those banks, destroyed the circulating medium of the country, and it had to be recreated by a slow process after public confidence had been restored. Not so now. The gold still exists, it having only been driven out of circulation by the panic, and it will flow back with renewed energy so soon as the public mind becomes convinced that the lowest point has been reached.

Another result, and quite the contrary one, that is now experienced, will follow the present revulsion. The employment for many has been vastly diminished. Railway enterprises, that have been absorbing the capital that should have been employed in the legitimate exchanges of commerce, have been swept away, and will no more compete with the true merchant for the money that is seeking employment. Speculation in real estate, cotton, grain, sugar, and many other of the necessities of life, have been overwhelmed, and the vast profits that were hoped to be drawn from the pockets of the people have melted away. In this the community has really lost nothing, for the cotton, grain, sugar, and all their fabrics exist the same as before. Prices, it is true, have declined, but this fall is beneficial in two ways, in the present condition of things. First, the decline brings the cost of living much more within the means of the consumers, giving them relief, and at the same time stimulating greater consumption of quantity. Secondly, it largely reduces the necessities of the merchant for money to perfect the exchanges of trade. For instance, when wheat is worth two dollars a bushel in Chicago, the merchant who purchases there to sell in New York requires twice the amount of capital to make the operation that he does when it is worth one dollar per bushel. The same law holds good in all other of the operations of business.

Another, and a powerful reason, that leads us to think that relief is not going to be long delayed, is the fact that the revulsion has not come upon us as it did in 1837, when we were alone inflated, and the rest of the world was in an uninflated condition. We have not seen, as we did then, cargoes of wheat pouring in upon us from over-populated Europe. The present inflation exists there also, though not to the same extent that it did here. With the spirit of enterprise and individual freedom of action that so happily characterizes us as a nation, we had beat the rest of the world in our speculative undertakings, and now we are experiencing the reaction. This reaction is carrying our grain and flour already, and will soon carry our cotton, tobacco and rice down to a point of value that is below their worth in other markets of the world. The result will be that they must and will go forth, giving employment to our so long unemployed shipping, and bring us back that which we shall most require. If it is gold, the returns will come in gold.

Above all, the true element of our recovery we find in the fact that prices of provisions, clothing and necessities, are fast reaching a point that is not only within the means of the great mass of the population, but that will stimulate consumption and trade now, and production at no distant day. This is the true secret of our prosperity—low prices and abundant consumption. The doubling of the price of flour, cotton goods and house rent, does not make us in reality richer as a community; it only gives the rich, who are few, a greater power over the means of the poor, who are many. And when this power becomes too great for the many to bear, then comes the revulsion, as we are now experiencing; for the possessor of flour, fabrics and houses, is rich only as the many can use them, and pay for their use.

We are under obligations to Messrs. Meade Brothers, the eminent photographers, No. 233 Broadway, for the assistance they have rendered us in procuring the likenesses of the persons lately so miraculously rescued from the wreck of the steamship Central America. Exhausted by their long and painful privations, the rescued persons were not able to leave their rooms, so that we could obtain their portraits. Taking into consideration the natural desire of the public to obtain every possible illustration of the painful event, Messrs. Meade kindly volunteered to go to their sick chambers with all their instruments and apparatus, by which means we are enabled to lay before our readers the excellent portraits contained in our present number.

Our kindest acknowledgments are also due to the heroic sufferers, who, notwithstanding their exhausted condition and festering wounds, have labored to give our artists a correct idea of their situation on the desolate sea; and have revised and corrected the views and incidents which we to-day illustrate. We deem it but just to all parties that these our obligations should be made known to the public.

CITY GOSSIP.

THE GLOOM OF THE PRESENT.

We hoped this week to be able to speak in somewhat more joyful terms of the aspect of the affairs of the city and country, but nothing has occurred to enable us to speak with hope even, much less with joy. Up to the present hour, things have gone from bad to worse, and for some weeks to come, we see but little prospect of a change for the better. There will be inevitably a marked change in the elements of our fashionable society. Vast gaps will be found in its foremost ranks, very many of the gorgeous establishments of the Fifth avenue will change hands, and a new race of moneyed aristocrats will strut their brief existence amid the blandishments and extravagances of our first society. From nothing they rose, to nothing they return; their fall will be the gossip of a day, and they will be utterly forgotten until a lucky turn of the wheel brings them up to the surface again.

TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN HERNDON'S WIDOW.

The suggestion made by Mrs. Magruder, wife of the Mayor of Washington, that the ladies of the United States should raise a fund to be presented to the widow of the gallant Capt. in Herndon, as a testimonial to his manly conduct in preserving, at every risk, the lives of all the women and children on board the Central America, has been responded to by the ladies of New York. Many ladies of wealth and prominent social position of the city called a meeting at Niblo's Saloon on the 9th, when those assembled were addressed by Mr. Everts. The subscription is fixed at one dollar, so that every lady may be enabled to subscribe, without inconvenience, to the noble fund; but any amount above that sum will be gratefully received. We earnestly hope that every woman will add her mite to this fund, sanctified by gratitude, so that the testimonial may be worthy of themselves and the heroic man who, regardless of his own safety, preserved the life of every woman and child in the moment of imminent danger. Subscriptions will be received by the following ladies: Mrs. Hartstein, 107 Waverley place; Mrs. Hollis, 30 East Twenty-fifth street; Mrs. Livingston, 28 East Twenty-second street; Mrs. Sinclair, 129 West Twenty-third street; Mrs. Barry, 47 Clinton place; Mrs. Vandever, 257 Tenth street; Mrs. Gibbs, 261 Greene street; Mrs. D'Uremieule, 261 Greene street; Mrs. Bell, 31 West Twenty-first street; Mrs. J. Bell, Jr., 25 West Twenty-second street; Mrs. Leavenworth, 222 Tenth street; Mrs. James Brooks, 339 Fifth avenue; Mrs. Duer, 55 East Twenty-eighth street; Mrs. Charles King, Columbia College, Forty-ninth street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues; Mrs. Walden Pell, 10 West Twenty-first street; Mrs. T. Mason, 12 Second street; Mrs. Sidney Mason, 132 Fifth avenue; Mrs. Daniel Remsen, 49 Fifth avenue; Mrs. M. Ward, 164 Fifth avenue; Mrs. Valerius, 52 Sixteenth street; Mrs. J. B. Murray, 37 Fifth avenue; Mrs. Lord, 54 West Seventeenth street; Mrs. Daniel Parish, 2 East Sixteenth street; Mrs. Adolphus Wolfe, 90 West Fourteenth street; Mrs. H. de B. Routh, 25 West Sixteenth street; Mrs. J. Pratt, 35 Great Jones street; Mrs. H. W. Hill, 11 Brevoort place; Mrs. Bedford, 66 Fifth avenue; and the Treasurer, Isaac Bell, Jr., Esq., 26 West Twenty-second street.

RIOT—ONE OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The works at the Bergen Tunnel having been suspended in consequence of the panic, over a thousand men were thrown out of work. There was a large amount of money due them by the contractor when discharged, and they met en masse on the 9th, determined to have their money or to tear up the track. They stopped several trains, and were generally very riotous in their conduct. The military were called out, and the rioters were dispersed for a time. This is a sign of the times, and is a forerunner of what may ensue should the money stringency continue, and the monopolists of food persist in keeping up an exorbitant price. Much forbearance will be needed on all sides; but the thousands will live, so let the rulers be on their guard.

CLOSING OF THE ITALIAN OPERA.

The closing of the Italian Opera is a subject of regret to all. Under its present management it has been so well and so liberally conducted, that it has become popular with the people. The closing will only be temporary; the establishment will be opened again, for its second season, about the 26th of the present month, when the celebrated Formes and a new tenor will be added to the strength of the company. The management, although it has not made a profit, has fortunately met with no loss. Its arrangements have been so judicious, that a loss on one hand has been balanced by a gain on the other. One thing is certain, had not the panic so unfortunately occurred, the past season, judging from its commencement, would have been the most brilliant and profitable ever given in New York. We trust that Messrs. Ullman and Strakosch will have better fortune in the ensuing season.

SINGULAR AND TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A strange and fatal accident occurred in Brooklyn on the 9th inst., plunging two families into severe affliction. Two little boys, aged respectively three and six years, one the son of Mr. Barnaby, a druggist, and the other the adopted son of Mr. Toynbee, left their homes together and strolled into the upholstery store of Mrs. Hodgkinson, in Atlantic street. It is supposed that they entered the store while Mrs. H. was absent, and getting upon one of the beds, disturbed another bed which fell upon them, and from which they were unable to extricate themselves. Horrible to say, before any help could arrive they were suffocated. An inquest was held, which resulted in a verdict of "Accidental death."

THE HARRY HOWARD HOSE COMPANY, NO. 66.

This company having recently furnished their house (115 Christopher street) with hose, opened it for the inspection of their friends on the 6th inst. Some three thousand people visited it during the evening, and expressed much pleasure at the evidence of elegance, richness and taste exhibited in all the arrangements. It is a most elegant establishment, and the members, numbering thirty, are a gentlemanly set of fellows, who will always do honor to the department. Among the splendid appointments of their reception-room we noticed a fine piano, which gives evidence of a commendable refinement. The new carriage is unique and elegant.

ARMY AND NAVY.

COMPANY I, Fourth Artillery, and detachments of two other companies, had arrived at New Orleans, on route for Fort Leavenworth.

The United States steamer *Mississippi*, Com. Nicholson, sailed from Mobile on the 10th ult. for the East Indies.

The United States ships *John Adams* and *Decatur* are still at Panama. Orders were expected by the middle of the present month, for the return of the *John Adams* to the United States at Cape Horn. The officers and crews of both vessels were well, excepting Purser Henry Myers, who returned in the *Star of the West*. J. L. Broome, Esq., Lieutenant commanding marines, has been appointed Acting Purser United States Navy, in place of Purser Myers. The following is a list of the officers of the United States vessels now at Panama:

List of officers of the United States ship *John Adams*: Capt., H. K. Hoff; 1st Lieut., Napoleon Collins; Lieut., J. F. C. DeKraft, Milton Hazen, J. R. Eggleston, F. W. Baker, E. P. McKee, Purser, John L. Broome, Lieut. United States Marine Corps, Surgeon, J. M. Potter.

List of officers of the United States ship *Decatur*: Capt., H. K. Thatcher; 1st Lieut., J. M. B. Clitz; Lieut., R. M. Scott, D. B. Harmony, E. C. Stockton; Passed Assistant-Surgeon, J. Ward.

The work on the United States ship *Savannah* (raised), lying in dry dock at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, is progressing rapidly. All the defective portions of timber, comprising knees, joints, &c., have been taken out and new inserted. The outside planking is all new, and of substantial material. A month or more will be occupied on her, before she will be able to leave the dock. The *Savannah* was built in New York, and completed in 1842. She formerly carried, before her present alterations, fifty guns, and was one of the finest sailing vessels in the navy. She will carry, under her present alterations, twenty guns of medium calibre, the rate for a first-class sloop-of-war.

The United States sloop-of-war *Vincennes*, lying under the shears, and destined for the coast of Africa, is nearly ready for sea. She has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted, and as she now floats on the water may be considered a new ship. The *Vincennes* was built in New York, and completed in 1826. She carries eighteen guns, fourteen thirty-two, and four sixty-eight pounders amidships, besides her usual armament of small arms. Her berth deck is unusually high, and rooms for vessels of her class, being over nine feet from deck to deck between carlines. She is rather heavily sparred, but this is no defect, as those not acquainted with the construction of vessels of war might suppose, but on the contrary—according to the amount of canvas she carries—a benefit. She is altogether a fine ship. Her stores and provisions will be taken on next week, when she is expected to go into commission immediately after.

OBITUARY.

THE HON. LOUIS MCCLANE died on the 9th inst., at his residence, in this city, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was the son of Allen McClane, a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary war, and was born in the village of Smyrna, Kent county, Delaware, on the 28th of May, 1784. In the year 1798, being then only fourteen years of age, he served with great credit as a midshipman on board the frigate *Philadelphia*, then on her first cruise, and under the command of Stephen Decatur, the father of Commodore Decatur. In 1801, yielding to the desire of his family, he left the navy; and, having completed his education at Newark College, in his native State, he began the study of the law, in 1804, under the instruction of James A. Bayard, of Delaware. He was admitted to the bar in 1807, and rapidly attained a high place in his profession. In the war of 1812 he was a volunteer in a company commanded by Caesar A. Rodney, who had been the Attorney-General of the United States under Mr. Jefferson, and marched with that company to the relief of Baltimore when it was threatened by the British. In 1816 he was elected to the House of Representatives from Delaware, and remained a member of that body until 1827, when he was chosen by the Legislature a Senator of the United States. In May, 1829, he was appointed by President Jackson to be the Minister of the United States to Great Britain, where he remained two years, and on his return he was called by the same President to take a place in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. He served in this place until 1833, when he became Secretary of State, and in June, 1834, he retired from political life. In 1837, when the financial condition of the country required his services among ourselves, Mr. McClane was prevailed upon to accept the presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and, removing to this State, he discharged the duties of his laborious office until 1847. In this time he was requested by President Polk to occupy, during the pendency of the Oregon negotiations, the mission to England, and this duty being accomplished he again returned to Maryland. In 1850 he was solicited and prevailed upon by his fellow citizens in Cecil county, in this State, where he resided, to serve as their representative in the Convention called to reform the constitution of Maryland. After performing this service he finally retired from public life. Mr. McClane was a chief actor in all the great political events which marked the first half of this century. He was the companion, fellow laborer and friend of those who have, with him, won the remembrance of our countrymen as the statesmen of America. Colonel ICHABOD B. CRANE, First Artillery, died at Port Richmond, Staten Island, New York, the 5th inst., of paralysis.

FINANCIAL.

THERE is no sign of improvement, so far as we see, in the monetary affairs of the country. Weeks ago it was said that a crisis had arrived, but week after week passes by, and each one that passes leaves affairs still more disastrous, showing most clearly that the grand, the actual crisis has not yet come. What shape this will take it is very difficult to foretell. As one after the other the overgrown mercantile establishments crash to the ground and die out, even as they affirm with phibistic exchequers, it is possible that the banks may be enabled to help the small houses, and a healthy and moderate state of business be established in place of that gigantic inflation which has made so grand a flourish to the world and has ended so disastrously.

The list of failures has been published extensively in the daily journals, and is far too long to insert in this department of our paper. Among the prominent failures and suspensions in the city will be found the houses of Bowan, McNamee & Co.; Swift, Hanson & Co.; Harper Brothers; Clark, Dodge & Co.; Pierre Choteau, Jr., & Co.; Ely, Bowen & McConnell; the Bowery Bank (its notes will be taken at par by the other banks) and the Central Bank, of Brooklyn, which has gone into liquidation.

Thus far the banks of New York, with the single exception above, have maintained their own, and the directors feel confident that they will be able to weather the storm. Large quantities of gold must soon come from England and France, and as soon as our cotton and grain begin to move it is confidently believed that our monetary affairs will begin to assume a healthy tone, and a sea of comparative prosperity again set in. In the meantime let all practice the most rigid economy, thus making every possible provision against every possible casualty.

MOVEMENTS IN FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

	1855.	1856.	1857.
Entered at the port.....	\$1,244,712	\$1,047,141	\$776,738
Thrown on market.....	1,262,707	1,078,608	808,842
Since Jan. 1st.....	1856.	1857.	
Entered at the port.....	\$50,819,955	\$79,859,019	\$82,947,300
Thrown on market.....	84,320,663	78,969,265	78,639,357

COMMERCE OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

	1855.	1856.	1857.
Entered for consumption.....	\$11,850,017	10,934,425	8,841,367
Withdrawn from warehouse.....	2,511,341	3,487,564	2,883,046
Free goods.....	489,126	1,066,038	1,772,805
Specie and bullion.....	107,205	84,097	808,285

Totals.....	\$14,766,689	15,502,304	14,301,103
Entered for warehouse.....	1,666,377	3,464,622	8,428,263
Total amount.....	\$16,433,066	18,966,926	19,729,406

Value of Exports.

	1855.	1856.	1857.
Domestic produce.....	\$5,228,687	7,045,202	4,218,964
Foreign dutiable.....	258,896	809,792	566,106
Foreign free.....	17,309	67,325	417,570
Specie and bullion.....	1,831,694	3,738,547	990,476
Totals.....	\$7,436,586	11,560,826	6,193,106

LITERATURE.

SERMONS OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, OF LONDON. Third Series. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

The wide-spread popularity in America of the sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, is evidenced in the fact that Messrs. Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. have just issued the third volume of his works. The first and second series met with a remarkably extensive sale, members of all classes, and of all religious denominations being anxious to possess the sermons of this modern Wesley, who attracts eager thousands to listen to the glowing eloquence of his words, and the persuasive tones of his voice. This indiscriminate desire to know something of the man soon exhausted the several editions of the two first volumes, and the third promises to meet with as large and ready a sale. The volumes are brought out in an uniform manner, creditable to the house of Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

WHITE LIES. A NOVEL. By CHARLES READE. Part III. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We have received Part III. of this novel by Reade, but as Parts I. and II. have not reached us we can form no opinion of the merit of the publication. Charles Reade is an earnest and brilliant writer, and if this work equals his previous efforts, it is well worth reading.

We are indebted to LEONARD SCOTT & Co. for the prompt receipt of *Blackwood* and the *North British Review*. These magnificent standard works, with others of a kindred character, are furnished to American readers almost simultaneously with the foreign editions, and at a merely nominal price compared with the cost of subscription for the same works in London.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The unexampled pressure in the money market has told seriously on the receipts of this house, in common with every other place of public amusement in the city. But from the enormous expenses necessary to carry on a musical establishment, a scarcity of money is more immediately felt than in the houses of cheaper amusement. In an opera company only a certain amount of economy can be practiced. Indifferent singers will not be tolerated. Economy in that article would be tantamount to closing the doors. In some of our theatres the expenses per night, exclusive of some one good artist, a star of course, will not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars, while the Italian opera cannot be opened under a nightly cost of from eleven to thirteen hundred dollars. It must be understood that the managers do not court this expense; they do not prefer to pay a large amount, if they could procure talent of the necessary standard at a less figure. They are compelled to satisfy the taste of a public which thought *Griselda* terribly passé, tolerated *Desio* and endured *Steffanoni*. They are compelled also to endeavor to satisfy the cynical and painfully cultivated taste of our musical critics, most of whom judge singers as they would horses, by their pedigree; who having no standard of judgment but what pleases them, and having no knowledge to help them out of the difficulty prefer to sneer and grumble, hoping to carry favor with the discontented, which is always the large class. Perfection is demanded by these gentlemen, though perfection is a dear article, and then with a consistency quite compatible with their general conduct, they berate and blackguard the managers for charging a price by which alone their outlay and expenses can be covered. The management of the Italian opera is not an enviable position; the class it is supposed to cater for begrudge a living remuneration; it has not the sympathies of the masses, being looked upon as an aristocratic affair, and the press pounce down upon its smallest shortcomings with retreating malignity while at the same time they swallow, and praise while swallowing, wholesale abominations in the shape of acting and pieces at the dramatic theatres. We can only wonder at and admire the man who from choice undertakes to manage our New York Opera House. He must be in love with martyrdom and greedy for trouble.

The performances since our last have been, on Saturday evening, "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Frazzolini as Lucia, Labocetta and Gasier as Edgardo and Henri Ashton. It was a performance every way worthy the reputation of the excellent artists concerned, and met with the warm approbation of the audience. On Sunday evening an overflowing and brilliant audience was present to listen to La Grange, Vestrali, Patti Strakosch, Labocetta, Feola, Gasier, &c., in the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini, and the great orchestral work the "Pastoral Symphony" by Beethoven. Judging by the thousands present, the first Sunday evening's concert was a splendid success; and encouraged by the approbation of the public, the management announces the second and last grand sacred concert next Sunday evening, October 11th. We hope to see the house crowded, as on the first evening.

On Monday evening, "L'Elisir d'Amore," with the former cast, was performed by universal request. It was a delightful performance. On Wednesday evening the "Don Juan" of Mozart was given with the following cast: Donna Anna, Madame La Grange; Zerlina, Madame Frazzolini; Donna Elvira, Madame Strakosch; Don Alvaro, Labocetta; Don Juan, Gasier; and Leporello, Rocco. We shall speak of the performance in our next.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Philharmonic Society, the pet society of New York, and beyond all competition the best musical association in America, is about to commence its sixteenth season. We have received the report of the transaction of its fifteenth year, the principal features of which we present to our readers. The vast increase of public patronage will be perceived by the following comparative statement:

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

11th season, 489; 12th do., 555; 13th do., 747; 14th do., 1,091.

PROFESSIONAL MEMBERS.

11th season, 58; 12th do., 116; 13th do., 144; 14th do., 166.

The last, 15th season, 1,773 associate members.

213 professional

As the means of the society enlarged so did the orchestra, the number of performing members for the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth seasons being sixty-seven; for the fourteenth season, seventy-three, and for the fifteenth season eighty-one.

The cash receipts for the past season were over fourteen thousand dollars, from the following sources: Associate members, \$3,790; professional members, \$633; subscribing members, \$480; extra tickets \$4,350, and the remainder from dues, fines, diplomas, &c. From this amount the performing members received in dividends \$10,979, leaving a considerable balance in hand for paying rent, professional assistance, and other incidental expenses. This result altogether passes our anticipations, and must be looked upon as the most successful musical enterprise ever undertaken in this city.

The library of the society is rapidly increasing; it now contains the scores and parts of fifty symphonies and seventy-nine overtures, besides a large number of miscellaneous pieces. Looking at it in every point of view, the society presents a most flourishing condition of affairs; its dividends large; its surplus ample; its performances increasing in excellence, and its popularity increasing in proportion. It gives us unqualified pleasure to be able to make this statement, for we have stood by the Philharmonic Society through good and evil report, in the times of its misfortune and in the days of its prosperity, from the very day of its inception until the present moment, and its wonderful success is to us a source of sincere gratification. Long may it continue to flourish in our most earnest wish. The following is a list of the officers for the ensuing year: H. C. Tamm, President; Theo. Elsfeld, Vice-President; L. Spier, Secretary; D. Walker, Treasurer; C. Fazzaglia, Librarian; C. Brannes, and J. Noll, Assistants.

DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—A new drama was produced at this house on Monday night, entitled "A Husband for an Hour," written by an English writer whose name is new to this country. Mr. Edmund Falconer is the successful author, and the single production, "A Husband for an Hour," will make a name for him known through out the States, and insure his future works a hearty reception. We give an outline of the plot, first premising that the drama was a complete success: A young and wealthy countess has two lovers; the one, declared and betrothed, a marquis; the other, an unknown wren-wiper, her gardener. The young lovers are enjoying an hour of pleasing anticipations, when their day-dream is dispelled by a communication from an upright lawyer that the title and property enjoyed by the countess are not hers by right, but belong to the young and humble garden. The astonishment of a lady may be imagined, but the proofs being indisputable, the countess gracefully resigns her wealth and a station, and the marquis, with much less grace, refuses to fulfil his engagement with her, but proposes, instead, an infamous arrangement. In the height of her scorn and indignation, the now titled and wealthy garden-er comes to his love and offers her his hand, which she accepts on one condition—that he avenges the gross insult offered to her by the marquis. He accedes to the conditions; they are married; he instantly seeks the marquis; they fight, and the young husband of an hour is supposed to be killed. The wife mourns for the gallant and generous defender of her honor, and believing herself to have done grievous wrong in allowing him to risk his life with a skilful duellist, retires into utter seclusion. After a lapse of three years, the story is resumed. The countess has come forth from her seclusion, and her beauty and wealth attract a train of admirers, and among them are her old lover, the disinterested marquis, and an English gentleman. The Englishman is her "husband of an hour," but so disguised and polished by dress and manners that she does not recognize him, although her preference for him is unmistakable. The marquis perceives this, and, determined to possess the hand, with the wealth, of the countess, provokes the difficulty which leads to another duel, in which, however, he comes off second best, for the gentleman gardener has improved his time and become "cunning of fence." Determined to try the love and constancy of his wife, he appears before her in his old dress, with his bushy, awkward manners, and claims her. She acknowledges his claim, and is not a little surprised and delighted when he reveals the fact that the elegant English nobleman and her bushy husband are one and the same person; and is still more gratified, when she learns that affection for her induced him to spend a year of his life, in order that he might educate himself to be worthy of her and the position of one who was called upon to fill. There is a comic under-plot, most skilfully worked in, which lightens and throws the graver scenes in strong relief.

Our readers will perceive, from this brief and sufficient outline, how full this piece is of strong and moving interest; but we assure them that but a faint idea can be drawn from our sketch of the excitement and sympathy the acting of this drama elicits from the audience. The interest never flags for one moment, so skilfully are the materials of the plot managed.

The piece is most admirably acted by Miss Laura Keene, Miss Wells, Mr. George Jordan, Mr. Wheatleigh, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Stoddard, and Mr. Peters. Every part was filled so perfectly that not one requisite was wanting. The scenery was in every respect perfect, and the costumes of the most costly and elegant character. In short, it is a production that reflects credit upon all concerned, and while it elevates the drama, it raises the character of the establishment in which it is performed. We most cordially recommend it to the public, for it is a piece that every one should see.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The management of this establishment has made a series of striking hits this season. First in the list was Mr. Charles Mathews, who for several weeks filled the theatre from pit to dome, nightly gaining a passport for himself for the United States, and a large cash balance for the management. Next comes the great Romantic Ballet troupe, which, judging by the results of the first night, will prove successful to a degree that has hitherto appeared upon these boards. On Monday evening, long before the time for commencement, a placard was exhibited, on which were the words, "House full." Full it was, in every sense of the word—jammed and crammed, not even a standing place left. The ballet presented by the Romani

troupe is, in fact, a drama, regularly constructed—a continuous story, full of interest, which is clearly expressed by the admirable pantomime action of the principal artists, Mlle. Lamoureux, M. M. Prete, Rouzant, Cuchetti, and Baratti. These artists are all of first-rate European reputation, and we are happy to be able to state that their performances prove that they have not been over-rated in Europe. Individually they are, in their respective departments, of rare excellence, and collectively, as a troupe, they far excel anything of the kind that has before appeared on the American stage. Mlle. Lamoureux is a charming specimen of the French school, graceful, easy and coquette. The male dancer—an individual that always appeared to us an anomaly in nature—a contrary to the regular order of things, namely, good-looking and dashing fellows, who seem to dance more as a sport than as a profession. The other members of the troupe of twenty-four are most excellent and available artists, while the corps de ballet is better drilled, better dressed and better looking than usual. In fact, it is a complete and admirable troupe, and should be seen by all who would like to know what a real ballet is, and who desire an evening of dancing and music.

The ballet is put upon the stage with all that lavish magnificence which has characterized the Broadway management through a series of years. It is a most beautiful spectacle, and was received by the crowded and brilliant audience with demonstrations of the most delighted enthusiasm. It was a great and decided success. The music, under the direction of Mr. Bergman, was very excellent. The ballet of "Faust" will doubtless have a long and brilliant run.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Brilliant competition and hard times seem to affect the receipts of this establishment but little. The regular entertainments supported by the admirable Ravel Family, and the fascinating and talented Mlle. Rola, are all sufficient to attract large and admiring audiences every evening. Niblo's Garden is one of the recognized institutions of New York, and, rain or shine, good times or bad times, its prosperity never wavers.

HEATON or M'ILLIE ROLA.—The best of the charming Rola takes place on Friday evening, October 9th, on which occasion there will be a powerful combination of talent present and a rare and excellent entertainment. We hope her thousands of admirers will turn out strong upon the occasion.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, 585 BROADWAY.—A great hit was made at this theatre on Monday evening by the production of a local extravaganza called "King Lager, or the Sons of Malt," in which Mrs. Charles Howard and Mr. T. B. Johnstone are irresistibly droll, keeping the audience in a roar of laughter from the up-rising to the down-falling of the curtain. "King Lager, or the Sons of Malt," is a comical mystery that we shall not attempt to unravel, but will leave our readers to do the work themselves. The piece draws, and will bring a harvest of dollars to the house.

GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS.—The usual capital entertainments are given every evening at this establishment. New songs and dances, the "Quintessence of Old Virginia," the "Alabama Festival," the smallest banjo player in the world, a popular comedy or farce, and a host of other good things. This popular company will remove to their new and magnificent hall in Wood's marble building, 661 and 663 Broadway, on Thursday evening next, October 16th.

BARSTON'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The successful engagement of the Welsh Night-gale still continues. Miss Williams has won for herself a brilliant reputation, and is deservedly considered a most charming singing actress. In addition to the transparent Aquaria, the management announces the celebrated Carli Family, the most distinguished polymorphous aquarist in the world. These, with the other numerous attractions, render the Museum one of the most excellent places of amusement in the city.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, CHINESE BUILDING.—This most interesting exhibition of over four hundred of the most beautiful anatomical specimens in the world, is opened every day. The special arrangements are as follows: Lectures, gentlemen daily, at twelve, four, and eight o'clock, by Dr. Jackson, except Fridays, when ladies only are admitted and lectured to by a scientific and professional lady.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

THE Marianna (Fla.) Patriot has been informed that Mr. Joseph Bowers, of Milton, Fla., discovered on the 24th ult., at Bayou Mulatite, in Santa Rosa county, Fla., a quantity of gold measuring two bushels.

All the steamers of the United States Mail Steamship Company are being provided with water-tight bulkheads, each steamer being divided according to build, length, &c. The fire and engine-rooms in all cases are to be enclosed, and extra pumps supplied to each compartment. The Granada is already constructed in this manner, and the Illinois is undergoing the necessary alterations.

Messrs. Van Vactor and Bosworth, the editors of the two papers in Canton, Miss., who recently went over into Louisiana, opposite Vicksburg, for the purpose of fighting a duel, not being able to a res upon weapons, postponed the matter and returned home, when they were immediately arrested, and placed under bond of \$5,000 each, to keep the peace for one year.

The cholera is raging in Salvador and Guatemala with extreme violence. In Salvador it is believed that upwards of 12,000 have been carried off by the disease; in Guatemala upwards of 40,000 have died.

Two men at work on the lake shore, near Oswego, dug up a keg containing 1,600 ancient French coins, said to be seven franc pieces, worth one dollar and nine cents each. They left immediately for the Philadelphia mint.

The Conteeck Valley Railroad was sold at auction, lately, at Concord, N. H., to Robert N. Coning, of that place, for the sum of \$30,000.

Governor Pollock, of Pennsylvania, has issued a proclamation, in which he announces that the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund report a reduction of the State debt for the last three years, to the extent of \$1,042,857 64.

Hasbrouck, the book-keeper at the Onondaga Bank, Syracuse, N. Y., charged with firing the bank, has been declared innocent and discharged.

An extraordinary case of double shipwreck is reported in the St. Christopher (West India) papers. The Rosabella left Dominica early in May for the Spanish Main. On the night of the 14th of May a storm suddenly brewed up, a heavy sea struck the vessel and she became a total wreck. Nothing was saved but a trunk of money, and with this the captain and supercargo got ashore. They then purchased a cargo of sugar and chartered the Estier of Curacao. After embarking a second time, a fearful tornado struck the schooner, and she instantaneously went down. Twenty-one persons were washed off, and with great difficulty avoided the vortex of the sinking vessel. The boat fortunately got adrift, but the plug was out! For three hours they madly struggled to stop the hole, and at last it was done. But meanwhile the sharks had taken several of the miserable men, and only thirteen succeeded in getting into the boat. They picked up the sea. It was quite dark, and when morning came they saw no land in any direction. For four days and three nights the wretched men, without a morsel of food and scarcely a vestige of clothing, labored at the oars, and on the morning of the 9th of July the boat reached St. Christopher, ten men being alive, but all in the last stage of exhaustion. One died almost immediately after being carried ashore. The rest were hospitably cared for.

By a recent decision of the Commissioner of the Land Office, the even-numbered alternate sections of land in Iowa, along the line of the Dubuque and Pacific Railroad, are open to actual settlers only at the government price of \$1 25 per acre. Payment can be made at any time before the final conveyance of the other sections of the railroad company, either in money or land warrants.

There was a newspaper vendor at Niagara this summer, who, when asked by a Bostonian for the Transcript and Daily Advertiser, replied, "We don't sell village papers; here's the Times and Herald!" Imagine the Athenian's indignant surprise!

The Russian journals announce the establishment at St. Petersburg of a society for the exportation of prepared meats for consumption in France. The factories are to be erected in the south of Russia and Siberia, where horned cattle can be purchased at but little cost. The prepared meat can be sold at a much lower price than fresh beef.

The Clark county Democrat learns from a gentleman from St. Stephens, in that county, that a desperate and determined fight took place lately near the mouth of Jackson's creek, between two runaway negroes and four white men, the latter from Washington county. The fight lasted several hours, during which guns, pistols, knives, and clubs were freely used on both sides, the negroes being armed solo. The runaways were finally overpowered and committed to jail in St. Stephens. None of the white men were seriously injured, though one of the negroes was said to be mortally wounded.

The shipment of flour to tide water at Albany fall short a million of barrels, as compared with last year to the same date.

Mr. James Ward, of Chicago, who owns a large number of houses, has been to his tenants and reduced the rents, in view of hard times, about twenty per cent. The newspapers are handing round the name of this man with a soul, and want to know who will go and do likewise? Mr. Ward, we apprehend, need not expect a very lively competition in his singular mode of "laying up treasures."

Two men (father and son) went, a few days ago, to a drug store at Suspension Bridge, and inquired for quinine. The druggist put out a package, and they went home, and each of them took a dose, from the effects of which they died on Sunday. The druggist put up morphine instead of quinine.

The Chicago Press says, "over 300,000 bushels of breadstuffs left this port on Saturday last for the East. They will be obliged to buy enough of our wheat, corn, pork, and beef, some what will, to furnish us funds to pay them what we owe them, and then we will square accounts and begin anew."

Four men were killed in a feud a few days since in Marshall, Texas.

The names of 65,000 of those who served in the Revolution have been placed on the pension rolls since the 15th of March, 1818, and on the 30th of June last only 246 of this number were reported living.

A fearful battle occurred on the 27th ult., at Honey Gall, Georgia, between a party of "Regulators" and one or two members of a gang of thieves, who had been warned to leave. Four men and one woman were killed, and several others severely wounded.

THE TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF GRANT, TICE, DAWSON AND OTHERS,



TICE CLINGING FOR LIFE TO HIS PLANK IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE STEAMER WENT DOWN.

hip to escape its action, so he was not carried under. In a moment the surface of the sea was covered with remains of wreck, and grasping for them in wild agony were hundreds of human beings, with the vain hope of rescuing themselves from a watery

An hour later he again discovered lights, and this time much nearer him. In a few moments he was able to distinguish the hull of a vessel bearing directly toward him. His hopes were raised, and he was confident that he would soon be discovered and rescued. But, when only a quarter of a mile distant from him, the vessel—the Norwegian bark *Ellen*—altered her course, and kept off, and subsequently her hull and lights disappeared, she was apparently sailing off with a fine breeze.

During the remainder of that night he came up with several persons, who, like himself, were struggling on the surface of the water. Words of consolation and hope were exchanged, then they separated, never to meet again in this world. Save Mr. Tice, all were swallowed up probably by the sea, which continued to roll heavily during the night and all the succeeding day.

Sunday morning dawned, and there was little presented to encourage hope; as if to crush it out, the *Marine* again became visible, but before noon again disappeared. The sun now shone out, but ere he could congratulate himself upon this blessing, he found the heat intolerable. Fortunately, his spirit did not fail him, and he determined to struggle on for life. Nightfall came, and alone and exhausted, he battled with the darkness. Fatigue was now added to his other misfortunes, and he found him-



TICE HOISTS HIS SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

down the western horizon, still Tice's spirit failed him not. His plank was still in his possession, and might, under the protection of a Divine Providence, be the means of his



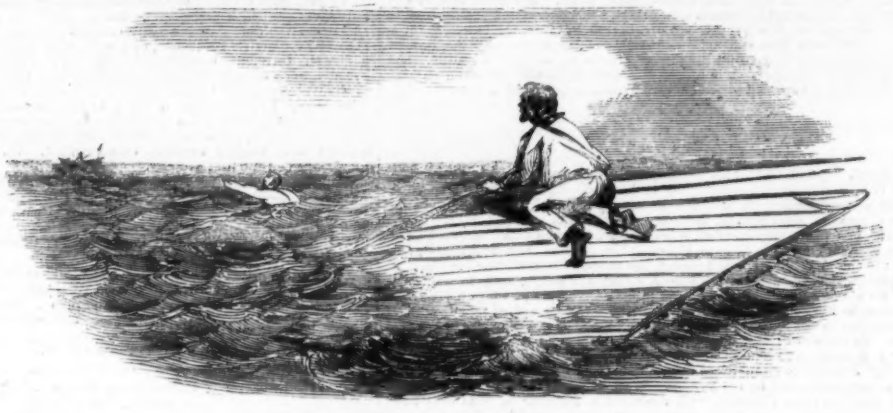
TICE DISCOVERS IN THE DISTANCE THE LIFE BOAT OF THE "CENTRAL AMERICA."

grave. Resting his chest across his plank, he floated away, and although surrounded with desperate, struggling men, none attempted to interfere with his progress. Soon after the steamer sank he discovered the lights of a vessel at a distance, which was

self disposed to sleep, and would almost lose his consciousness, when he would suddenly awaken with his hands almost buried in the plank which, for the time being, was his only hope of salvation. Hunger and thirst now made their stealthy approaches, the latter

became a consuming fire; water was around and beneath him, and yet the limpid wave for which he longed was only to tantalize, and not refresh him.

Monday morning dawned, and all was still a dreary waste; the sun rose and shed its glaring rays over the broad expanse; but the surface of the sea was one vast salt desert, not a thing was to be seen to relieve the eye or encourage hope. Occasionally fragments of the wreck would be lifted into view, and now and then a life preserver would spring from above the cresting waves; but they only made the solemn silence more dreadful, because they told of friends, despair and death. The sun slowly whirled



GRANT SWIMS TWO MILES TO THE BOAT.

escape. The long night was passed, and the succeeding morning dawned.

On Tuesday, somewhere about nine o'clock, he espied a dark-looking object at some distance, and, being a good swimmer, he

(Continued on page 314.)



TICE REACHES THE BOAT TOO EXHAUSTED TO CLIMB IN.

either the *Marine* or *El Dorado*, which had been spoken a short time before the *Central America* went down. He made many efforts to reach the glimmering light, but between nine and ten o'clock it disappeared below the horizon, and he ceased to work.



GRANT HAVING REACHED THE LIFE-BOAT BY SWIMMING, IS HELPED INTO IT BY TICE.



TICE AND GRANT RESCUING DAWSON FROM THE RAFT.

OF THE WRECKED STEAMSHIP "CENTRAL AMERICA."

THE RAFT OR PART OF THE HURRICANE DECK OF THE "CENTRAL AMERICA." THE LIVING, THE DEAD, AND THE DYING. DAWSON REACHES THE RAFT, BUT IS NOT PERMITTED TO GET UPON IT.



ADVENTURES OF THREE SURVIVORS FROM THE WRECK OF THE "CENTRAL AMERICA."

(Continued from page 312.)

made towards it; after some little progress, to his great joy, he discovered it was one of the wooden life-boats of the Central America. After renewed efforts, and three or four hours of hard work, attended by great fatigue, he came up and laid hold of the sides of the boat, to which he clung for a long time to recruit his now almost exhausted strength. Having recovered somewhat, with great difficulty he succeeded in leaping over the side. The boat was half filled with water, and contained, beside three oars, a pan, a pail, and three old coats. With the pail he bailed out some of the water; one of the coats he fastened to an oar as a signal, and raised it upright in the bow. These things accomplished, Tice sat down and surveyed the prospect before him. Along the line of the horizon no sail was to be seen; his thirst became more and more intolerable, but he resisted the temptation of slaking it in the deceptive element before him. Relieved in a measure, by finding the boat, when compared with his situation on the plank, it seemed only to enable him to more thoroughly comprehend his situation. Night finally closed in on the solitary wanderer, and exhausted, he fell asleep, which, amid troubled dreams, continued until near morning.

Wednesday, long and dreary, followed; his raging thirst and hunger, and a burning tropical sun united, seemed destined soon to end his sufferings in death, and for the long twenty-four hours there was no cessation of agony, except at intervals of the night, when drowsiness would overpower him—not to end in sleep, but in dreams of water, food, escape, from which he would awaken only to be utterly wretched by the contrast.

Thursday came, and with it an incident that relieved his mind, if it brought no succor for his exhausted frame. At nine o'clock something was noticed in the distance; with one of the unoccupied oars he approached, and saw a piece of the wreck—a portion of the hurricane deck of the fated steamer—upon which were two men, Alexander Grant, one of the firemen of the vessel, and George W. Dawson, one of the passengers, who had been nearly five days thus floating upon the open sea. Grant, when Tice was within a mile distance, could no longer restrain his impatience, but jumped into the sea and swam towards the boat, which he reached, and by the assistance of Tice, he got in; the two then rowed towards the piece of the wreck and took in Dawson; as they abandoned the deck, they left the dead body of one passenger lying upon it.

After exchanging their experiences, Tice learned from their fellow-sufferers that they were the only surviving ones out of twelve persons who had taken refuge on the deck. That day and night the three drifted along with the wind and current—all having one lot of unutterable woe—then came moody silence, occasionally broken by the suggestions that they might yet possibly escape.

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRANT.

Mr. Alexander Grant was one of the firemen on board the Central America, and up to the moment of the ship sinking did all in his power to save her and the passengers. About fifteen minutes before the steamer sank, Grant, with about fifteen others (all labor to save the steamer being abandoned), set to work to cut away a part of the hurricane-deck, for the purpose of using it as a raft. Grant had just severed the last piece of rope which held it down, when upon rising he discovered, to his astonishment, that the vessel had gone under and left him at sea, floating upon the hurricane-deck, surrounded by ruins and the drowning passengers.

After the commotion was over, ten persons, including Grant, secured themselves to the hurricane-deck and commenced floating away to the leeward. It was impossible to sit upright, as the raft would not support them; they were therefore obliged to lie down with their feet in the water, their heads elevated, and their bodies secured to the raft by holding on to the ropes with their hands. As may be imagined, their situation was dreadful in the extreme, as the sea constantly washed over them, and they were thus, against their wills, compelled to swallow large quantities of salt water. The first night thus spent, hanging to the raft, they prayed and hoped for relief from the vessels which they had seen the previous afternoon. When the day at last broke, the Marine, with the women and children on board, was a long way off, and all the attempts to signalize her people proved unavailing.

Without food or water, on a few frail planks in the broad Atlantic, these ten people began to endure unutterable sufferings. The recollection of them is still so painfully vivid, that Mr. Grant does not wish to think of, much less to refer to, them. All the first day and night they saw others struggling around them in the angry waters; but although they eagerly scanned the horizon, no friendly bark hove in sight. As the darkness stole on their hopes sank, and many of the poor creatures, famished and thirsty, and sorely buffeted by the waves, grew delirious. Some swore and raved in their insanity; others babbled of cool limpid springs, whose clear waters bubbled up mockingly at their feet, or dreamed of rich feasts, to which they were invited, spread before their famished eyes, but from which they were withheld by a superhuman power. Two or three said nothing, but thought of home and the dear ones awaiting their return.

On Monday morning the same cheerless prospect greeted the survivors. In course of the morning, they floated near a piece of plank, on which was a colored passenger from the steamer, George W. Dawson by name. The weight of those who already had hold of the wreck sunk it nearly two feet under the water, and he was therefore compelled to remain on his plank until death did its sad work among those on the raft, to make room for him. Time wore on slowly and painfully without hope of relief, and death drew nigh to them all.

About eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, the first death occurred on the raft. John Banks, one of the coal-passers, sank under severe exhaustion and swallowing sea water. Before night three more persons died, and were thrown off the raft. Just before dark a passenger was picked up who had up to that time supported himself on a piece of plank, and was almost exhausted. During Tuesday night four more of the wretched sufferers died. On Monday nothing occurred to the four survivors worthy of especial notice, the suffering growing constantly more and more intense.

On Tuesday a passenger was come up with who had secured a part of the captain's room, and was a great deal better off than those on the hurricane-deck. He asked how the four were getting along. At nightfall the parties separated, in consequence of a strong wind blowing from the eastward, causing a heavy sea. Some hours previous to sunset on this day, Kenneth, a coal-passenger on board the Central America, became deranged, and was wholly unconscious of his condition; and during the following night both he and another surviving passenger died from exhaustion, leaving but two persons alive, Mr. Grant and George W. Dawson, out of the twelve who were at one time on the hurricane-deck; Grant being the only survivor of the ten who had started from the wreck, on the deck, when the ship went down. Both Grant and Dawson were much exhausted, but the weather was now growing calmer, and they had better accommodations on the wreck. The following day,

Wednesday, the sea continued comparatively calm, though there was considerable swell. Nothing startling occurred, the

sufferings of the two from hunger and thirst constantly increasing.

Thursday, the fifth day after the wreck, Grant saw a boat about three miles off, but could not tell with certainty whether there was any one in it or not. Grant resolved, however, to reach it if possible, and accordingly divested himself of his clothing, except his under-garments, and tying a life-preserver around his body, weak and exhausted as he was, committed himself to the sea, and inspired with the hope of improving his chances of escape, swam with considerable energy, all things considered, towards the boat. How long he struggled, Grant cannot remember, but he finally neared it, and discovered a man sitting down and trying to scull the boat towards him. On reaching the boat, the man (who proved to be Mr. Tice), helped him in. The boat was, from the successful labors of Mr. Tice, in fine trim. The two men, after congratulating themselves upon meeting, immediately joined their efforts to hasten to the rescue of Dawson. After taking Dawson on board, the boat was allowed to drift with the wind seaward, not being able to help themselves if they had wished, and if they were, not knowing which way to pull. All were evidently surprised at their power of endurance.

THE STORY OF GEORGE W. DAWSON.

George W. Dawson is a highly intelligent, light mulatto, with very little else about him to indicate African descent, for his face is well formed and of European cast. With Mr. Tice he was busy in endeavoring to construct a raft when the Central America went down. Anticipating his danger, however, he tried to secure a plank, which was claimed by another passenger. As the steamer went down he caught hold of the gangway near the pilot-house, and the next instant found himself under water going down with his heels above his head. He let go his hold and came to the surface of the water, on the top of which he was buoyed by a life-preserver. While looking around for a plank, he was seized by the neck by one of his fellow-passengers, who was drowning beside him. Escaping this danger, he managed to get hold of three pieces of board; he placed them together, and they assisted in keeping his body afloat.

After a few hours the bark Ellen made her appearance, and commenced picking up the wrecked passengers from the water, he was very near, and frequently sang out for help, but nobody seemed to notice or care for him; and very soon the bark disappeared, leaving him, and many others with him on the surface of the water to their fate. Towards three o'clock on the following morning, he saw the raft occupied by Tice and his associates, and by pushing and working hard he reached it; but as he was not allowed to come on board, he took hold of the rope with one arm and supported himself in the water by his plank. He maintained this position many hours, until several of the occupants of the raft died, when he finally found himself not only aboard, but also useful in cheering up his mates.

In the afternoon, the barber of the Central America came in sight, sitting on one of the life-buoys (which were kept hanging in the starboard side of the ship); upon coming up with Dawson he gave him a salute, said he did not like to leave his buoy, as he felt quite comfortable, and after wishing Dawson a good journey passed out of sight. The next day, Dawson saw the very buoy floating solitary near his raft; its recent occupant was gone. Soon afterwards another singular raft came in sight, "shipped" by one young fellow some twenty-two years of age. It was apparently the door of the captain's room, recognised as such by the hole through the upper panels. The young man had his legs through the opening, and hanging down in the water, he sat upright and was paddling with his hands. He was received by the ocean-party on the raft with congratulations, and invited to come on board, which he did, but only remained long enough to straighten himself up, as he had been in a sitting position ever since the sinking of the steamer. After some cheerful conversation he mounted his door again, which he had fastened meantime to the raft, and paddling to the life-buoy previously alluded to, he laid it on his door, and expressing himself as feeling comfortable, he was soon lost to view.

From this time the occupants of the raft did not see a living being for three days, except those on the raft; meantime the weak and exhausted became deranged in mind, and would talk about going to the pantry, in order to get dinner, and conversing with the steward. Their bodies finally dropped along the raft, or they would loose their hold or fall asleep, and then be washed into the sea. The sleepy ones became troublesome, because they had to be so often roused. Every effort possible was made to cheer them up, but it was of no avail. The delirious ones often came near upsetting the raft by their conduct, and had to be held down by some one pressing their arms over their backs. Pieces of the wrecked steamer were often come up with, but nothing was ever discovered that would relieve hunger.

Small fishes would often come up to the raft and run about between the beams, but were too active to allow themselves to be captured. The fourth day, Dawson was the only survivor, except Grant. On this day, a dog fish was secured. Dawson took hold of its tail and by force dashed it against the boards and killed it. Grant cut it up and gave small pieces to his comrades, but it was so tough and unpalatable, that hungry as they were, it could not be masticated. By fastening it to a rope and exposing it to the rays of the sun, they managed to eat a little of it until it got putrid, when they cast it loose.

THE STORY OF TICE, GRANT AND DAWSON, WHEN TOGETHER IN THE LIFE-BOAT OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

We now find the three sufferers, that were destined, under Providence, to be rescued from the jaws of death, floating together upon the wide ocean; the sufferings of the party were mitigated, so far as they had the comforts of a dry seat and the interchange of ideas; but the agony arising from the want of water and food constantly increased.

Friday and Saturday passed away, and there was no prospect of relief; the desire for solid food had ceased, but the fierce thirst that consumed their vitals seemed as if a fiery furnace raged within them, yet amid all they were buoyed up with the belief that they would be rescued, and in this spirit they mutually encouraged each other. A week had now passed since they were consigned to the deep by the sinking of the steamer, and the stoutest heart might despair. The eighth day of suffering was about dawning upon them—would it bring succor, or after all were they to die?

Sunday arrived. How different was its peaceful morn ushered in upon these unfortunates compared with those who, upon land and surrounded by firesides and friends, scarcely notice the sanctity of the day, or feel one single emotion of gratitude for the blessings of a beneficent Providence. On this day, the eighth after the wreck, for the first time a sail was discovered. Hopes were raised, the oars were seized, and an attempt was made to reach the vessel, which at one time was not more than two miles distant; but gradually the disheartening fact was realized that the schooner was increasing her distance, and in two or three hours from the time they first saw what they hoped was to be the source of their salvation, the vessel sank out of sight, and left the wretched mariners, previously made buoyant with hope, now for the first time amid all their wretchedness, for the moment overwhelmed with utter despair.

Monday's daylight finally dawned, but showed nothing to encourage hope; but now for the first time in eight days the painfulness of thirst was most unexpectedly abated. A brisk shower fell from what had heretofore appeared to be the burning heavens; the pail and pan were used to secure a few precious drops, while

with open mouths they endeavored to catch others on their parched lips and tongues. A quart might have been caught in the vessels named, but so great were the sufferings of the three, that the relief afforded was not even momentary.

THE RESCUE!

Another hope, however, was to be raised, which for the instant even caused the insatiable thirst to be forgotten. Hardly had the last drops of the shower disappeared, when a few miles distant appeared a brig, impelled on by a light breeze, and coming quickly towards them. Suddenly the strained eyes of the sufferers saw the craft unfurl and set her topsails, then the bow of the vessel was turned upon them, as if an intelligent being bent on their rescue. Grant and Dawson, made suspicious by the experience of the sad past, seized the oars and attempted to row; they were weak and emaciated to the last degree, but the struggle was for life; if this chance escaped them, then all was over. Despair gave power to the sinewless arms. In the midst of these struggles they were seen; a hail of recognition from the brig was wafted over the dancing waters, and reached their ears; like men suddenly refreshed they pulled more manfully; they came near the vessel's side; a line was thrown, and caught by the emaciated men; in a few moments, by the aid of true-hearted sailors, lines were put around their now totally exhausted forms, and one by one they were raised upon the deck of the rescuing vessel—apparently by a miracle they were saved—saved, after enduring sufferings unparalleled in the history of shipwrecks—sufferings from hunger, thirst and the sea for nearly nine days—sufferings which seem incredible for human nature to bear, and continue to live. The vessel that thus opportunely appeared, and wrought such a deliverance, proved to be the Mary, of Greenock, Scotland, from Cardenas, Cuba, bound for Cork, with molasses and sugar. The passengers being all Americans, not wishing to go to Europe, the captain of the Mary very kindly consented to be on the look-out for a vessel bound to the United States, and promised if he fell in with one to put the party on board. Accordingly, on Monday the 28th of September, he fell in with the Bremen barque Laura, bound to New York with a load of German emigrants. The captain of this vessel, upon being acquainted with the circumstances, immediately consented to take them on board. They were at once transferred to the Laura, and there again met with all the kindness and attention which it was in the power of the captain to bestow, and for which Dawson, Tice and Grant speak in the most grateful terms.

TREATMENT ON BOARD THE MARY.

The last day in the boat none of the party were able to move their limbs, and they were obliged to sit, sustaining their heads on their knees, waiting silently for succor or death; in this situation they were discovered by the brig Mary. On board of the ship the three sufferers received the kindest attentions; Captain Sheaver did all in his power to relieve them, and saved their lives by the judicious manner they were allowed to take food. Dawson is especially eloquent in behalf of the sailors who hoisted them on board of the ship. He said they did it with the greatest care, being careful that their emaciated bodies did not strike against the timbers, and when once on deck they were carried into the cabin in the arms of the sailors. First they were refreshed with a glass of warm claret sweetened with sugar, which seemed to them to be a delicacy beyond what they had ever before experienced. Not satisfied with this, however, they prayed for water, which the captain very judiciously refused, acting towards them as a father would to his children. After awhile they were given a little gruel, which was followed by a prayer for more, which prayer was declined. At the proper time they were allowed to eat something more, and in this way they gradually obtained strength.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF THE RESCUED MEN.

JOHN TICE.

Mr. Tice appears to have suffered less than his two companions, as he has recovered more rapidly since his rescue. He is quite young, but twenty-seven years of age, and was first assistant engineer on board of the Central America from her first trip until she sank. He is a native of Newburgh, State of New York, is small, but well made, in stature, has an intelligent face and fine general appearance. Immediately on his arrival at Castle Garden he was conveyed in a carriage by Mr. Ashby, the engineer, to the Battery Hotel. The meeting between Ashby and Tice was quite affecting, and so overpowered Tice that he had to be helped to the carriage. His first inquiry was, "How many of the crew and passengers of the steamer have been saved?" "Captain Herndon," said he, "the noble and gallant commander of the steamer, I fear we never shall see again; and Van Rensselaer too, the first officer, one of the bravest and most generous fellows that ever lived, I fear has gone down with the captain." These were the first words uttered by Mr. Tice, and it was several minutes before he said anything further.

GEORGE W. DAWSON.

Dawson is a native of New York State, and made his home in Rochester, where he grew up. His parents are dead, and he is not married. For the last year he has resided at Oroville, California, having the place of waiter in a large hotel. On the 28th of August he left San Francisco on his way to Rochester. Nearly two years ago he was on the Crescent City when she was cast away. He is a man that has always borne a good character; by the wreck of the Central America he lost everything except a gold ring which remained on his finger. The dress he wore while floating on the sea included a white shirt, which object first attracted the attention of Captain Williamson, of the Bremen bark Laura. His appearance is that of a tall, well built and muscular man, apparently not yet in the prime of life, and one who must possess by nature an iron constitution. Large sea boils covered his whole body, the flesh had peeled off his hands, his cheeks were sunken, his limbs emaciated, his powerful frame contrasting with his woe-begone appearance, and showing how much he had suffered.

ALEXANDER GRANT.

Mr. Grant, speaking of himself, says that he has been four times wrecked. The first when he was a boy sixteen years of age, while in the brig Atlas, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, bound to Fall River, Massachusetts, with a load of coal. This vessel foundered at sea about one hundred miles from Boston. Grant was taken from the wreck, before she went down, by the Amazon, of Holland, and taken to New Brunswick. The second time he was on board the steamship Arctic, when he was in the water fifty-two hours; he was picked up by the Cambria, and carried by Captain Luce to Quebec. The third time was on the Crescent City, when it seems he was a shipmate of Dawson's, who was wrecked at the same time. His last and most terrible experience was in connection with the loss of the Central America.

In common with his fellow-sufferers, Tice and Dawson, while in the Gulf Stream, he suffered not only from the oppressive heat of the sun, but from the hot water, which was about seventy degrees. The intense sufferings through which he had passed were visible in every lineament of his face. He looked like one who, having been brought to death's door by a scorching fever, had just passed the crisis of the disease. His large, manly face was white and almost fleshless, showing the bony outlines with ghastly distinctness, and his black, scarred lips looked as though in his agony he had frequently bitten them through. But the most shocking traces of suffering were in his eyes. Naturally large, they were now preternaturally distended, and wore a fixed, staring, sleepless expression, as though still looking from the

frail raft along the dreary horizon for a friendly sail. His voice, too, was hoarse and hollow, and boils had broken out upon his body from prolonged exposure to salt water.

Mr. Grant resides at No. 38 Vandam street, New York city, where he now is in the centre of his family. His wife did not for some time after hearing of his safety believe it, and was at first quite indignant with the person who informed her of the fact, thinking that he was trifling with her feelings, and not being able to see how he could have possibly been saved. When he was at length driven to the door in a carriage, and she became satisfied that he had really been saved, her joy and expressions of satisfaction and thankfulness, as may well be conceived, were unbounded. What was joy to her, however, proved to be utter grief and woe to another poor woman living on the same floor with her, named Wilson, whose husband was one of those lost by the wreck. The news of Mr. Grant's safety fell like a thunder-clap on her, and upon learning that he had no intelligence from her husband, she swooned away, and continued from one fainting fit to another for several hours before she could command sufficient strength to rally her feelings.

CAPTAIN HERMAN BURT AND THE BRIG MARINE.

Captain Burt has obtained a lasting popularity from the prompt manner in which he came to the rescue of the wrecked passengers of the Central America, and will long be held in esteem as an honor to the commercial marine of our country. He is a native of Taunton, Massachusetts, and although appearing much younger, claims to be forty-five years of age. He had a New England boy's education up to fifteen, when he went to sea, and thus commenced a business which he has industriously followed ever since. Before he was of age he had charge of a vessel, and since that time has been in the European, West India and California trades.

The Marine, at the time Captain Burt came up with the Central America, had eleven souls on board, which number included the captain and two passengers. There were cooking utensils for fifteen persons. It may therefore be readily imagined that the addition of a hundred persons to the limited vacant space of the Marine filled it to overflowing; yet by the good management of Captain Burt, he managed to make them, comparatively speaking, comfortable, and brought them all safe and sound into Norfolk.

It was a fortunate thing that Captain Burt had plenty of provisions on board of his vessel except bread; to supply this deficiency he stopped the ship Euphrasia, of Philadelphia, and got two barrels of bread and two barrels of potatoes, the captain of the Euphrasia most willingly contributing to the comfort of the rescued passengers on board of the Marine.

Captain Burt speaks of Captain Herndon as a model sailor. When he (Capt. Burt) came up to the Central America, Capt. Herndon hailed, and, with all the calmness of an ordinary occasion, said,

"We are in a sinking condition; and you must lay by us until morning."

To which Captain Burt replied, "I will stay by you as long as I can."

As Captain Burt passed by the Central America, he came within one hundred feet of her stern, when the passengers on the Central America cheered, believing that they were now all safe.

The way the women passengers were taken on board of the Marine was novel, and under the circumstances the entire success attending it was one of the most remarkable things recorded in the history of sea expeditions.

The main-rail or deck of the Marine, in calm weather, was about seven feet above the water; consequently, when the boats from the Central America came alongside the Marine, the sea was so high that the boat, when it crested the waves, rose absolutely higher than the deck of the Marine. Captain Burt took advantage of this, and stationed himself on the deck, close to the railing, and told the women one at a time to hold out their hands when he directed. This being understood, two sailors stood by to keep the boat from being precipitated on the deck of the Marine; when the boat rose, Captain Burt stood ready, and, at the agreed signal seized one woman and hauled her on to the deck; in this perilous way every one was taken on board of his ship, and not a mistake was made, or a serious accident happened. Captain Burt, speaking of it, says: "Of course I did not have much time to stand on ceremony, my only object was to get them safely on my ship."

Captain Burt thinks that Mr. Ashby, the engineer of the Central America, has been unjustly condemned; he speaks of him in the highest terms. He is also eloquent in his descriptions of the courage displayed by the women from the Central America who found refuge on board of his ship. A large number slept on the deck of the vessel covered over with sails; and when he suggested that he should have to go to work and make up some beds, one of the ladies observed, "Why, Captain, good housekeepers do that in the morning, and here it is near midnight." Of Mrs. Marvine, who has already been mentioned in our columns, he says: "Soon after he got all the women aboard and 'put away,' being very busy on every part of his ship, he found that the sailors in the prevailing excitement had neglected the pumps. In no very choice language he commenced calling the men to account. The night was dark and the storm raging. Amidst this confusion of the elements and his orders, the cabin door opened and out popped Mrs. Marvine (a very little woman, by the way), who said, 'Captain, let me pump; I'm a good hand, and can do my share of the work.'"

Capt. Burt requested her to retire, saying that he had plenty of men to do the work. After considerable expostulation, little Mrs. Marvine, with a gigantic spirit, stepped back into the cabin.

Capt. Burt says that the passengers, so far as he could observe, were all calm and grateful, that not one thought of their treasures that had gone down in the ship, but were alone grateful for their escape, and fearful that their friends were lost. He says that the scenes of that memorable night will ever be impressed upon his mind, and that in looking back he has but one sad and lasting regret, and that is, "that he could not have saved every life on board the ill-fated ship."

THE SCHOONER EL DORADO AND THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

Much dissatisfaction prevails in the public mind with regard to the conduct of the captain of the El Dorado, and we believe that on the whole the judgment is against the vessel. Messrs. Tice and Dawson state that on Monday, the 14th of September, two days after the steamer went down, they saw a number of passengers clinging to pieces of wreck, and it seems somewhat strange that the El Dorado, which reports having remained in the vicinity till after daylight on the morning following the disaster, should not have been able to observe any of the sufferers; and it is an extraordinary fact, that Tice, Grant and Dawson had drifted nearly six hundred miles from the scene of the wreck before they were rescued. Captain Burt, of the Marine, gives the position of the steamer when she went down at latitude 31 40, longitude 75 50; and Captain Shearer, of the Mary, states that he picked up Tice, Dawson and Grant in latitude 36 40, longitude 71. They were drifting in the Gulf Stream, which there runs at the rate of three miles an hour, so that in eight days they would have floated, with the aid of the stream alone, five hundred and seventy-six miles.

The El Dorado is a schooner of two hundred and twelve tons. She is a square built, broad beamed vessel, well calculated for much stowage and dull sailing. She labors heavily in a bad sea, and ships her water over the quarter rail. On her late

voyage she was loaded down to her chains, and the peculiarly shaped barnacles of Matagorda Bay are visible upon her hull, almost up to her chains. She sprung her bowsprit so badly in the late gale that she leaked, and her cotton is damaged with water. Her foremast was carried away, her foremast split to rags, her bulwarks stove, and she was badly strained. She must be put on the ways for thorough repairs on her return to New York.

STATEMENT OF MR. SHERLOCK, FIRST MATE.

According to the statement of Mr. Sherlock, first mate of the El Dorado, the Central America was first discovered about twelve miles distant on the bow, the schooner being to the windward of the steamer. Captain Stone, of the El Dorado, on seeing signals of distress, ran down and rounded to under the lee of the steamer, upon her quarter, within twenty yards of her. This was on Saturday, September 12, 6.30 P. M. civil time, or Sunday by nautical time, in which the log is kept. The steamer was low in the water, so that the sea was dashing upon her wheel-house guards. She was down by the head, and it is the opinion of Mr. Sherlock that if her anchors and chain cables had been hove over-board she might have kept above water some hours longer than she did. Captain Stone hailed the steamer and asked if he could render any assistance. The reply was, "Lie by me till morning;" in a minute or two Captain Stone, who was drifting away from the steamer, again asked if he could not do something that night, and the reply was, "No, no, lie by me till morning." Captain Stone then hailed, "Set your lights," and by this time had drifted out of hailing distance. The schooner was hove to under a three reeled mainsail, a reefed tri-sail and reefed jib. The persons on the schooner estimated the number on board the steamer at seven hundred, and there was a continued roar of their voices rising above the noise of the waves, which were plashing hoarsely and angrily for their prey. Preparations were immediately made for the reception of the steamer's passengers, which were expected to be on board the next morning. It was raining hard, and the men were ordered to catch the water which was running from the top of the house over the schooner's cabin, so that they might be supplied with fresh water. In the meantime lights had been set upon both vessels, and when the schooner had drifted about two miles distant, at 7.45, the lights of the doomed steamer had disappeared. The hearts of those on board the schooner were filled with anxiety. The mate says that every one of the men seemed as much interested in the lost steamer as if he had some friend on board who might yet be rescued from a watery grave. They sailed over and over the spot as near as they could until half past nine o'clock the next morning, when they kept away on their course homeward.

Mr. Sherlock says that when Commander Herndon hailed the schooner his voice was as steady as if he had the best vessel in the world under him, in a smooth sea. To use Sherlock's language, "he spoke as if he was every inch a man and a sailor." The schooner had only one small jolly boat, which was lashed over the stern rail, bottom upward, to prevent it from being washed away by the heavy sea.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

Quite a scene occurred on Gray's wharf, Boston, where the El Dorado is discharging her cargo, between the mate, Mr. Sherlock, and a gentleman of that city who lost a nephew on board the steamer. Relying on the statement of the passenger who claims to have seen the schooner fifteen miles distant, while he was struggling in the water, this gentleman assailed the mate with charges that no attempt was made by his vessel to save the steamer's company—that he ran away from them, and that his log-book was false. He at the same time informed the mate that his own financial position was an elevated one, and that he would have given an immense sum of money to any one who should have saved his nephew's life. Sherlock, who appears like an honest, bluff, true-hearted mariner, replied that he did not care for his money—that the satisfaction of having saved one life of those on board the steamer would be valued more by him than all the money the rich uncle of his possessed, and all that was sunk in the Central America to boot. Sherlock asked to be confronted with the passenger referred to, and when he was brought forward, exclaimed, "Are you the man who says that we ran away without offering assistance, and you saw us fifteen miles off the next morning? If you are, I can only say that I'm sorry some man wasn't saved in your place who could speak the truth better than that."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE BORON DIAMOND.—That diamond is nothing but the substance of charcoal, or carbon in a crystallized state, is a fact pretty generally known; but that there is another elementary substance, called boron, which bears a strong analogy in this respect to carbon, is less so, perhaps, because boron has hitherto been obtained in such small quantities that it is still a curiosity even in the laboratory of the chemist. MM. Wohler and Deville have lately made experiments upon this body, from which it appears that it can exist in three states, exactly corresponding to those of carbon—namely, the amorphous, the graphic, and the crystallized state. In order to obtain the latter, 100 grammes (3½ ounces) of boracic acid, and 80 of aluminum are exposed, during five hours, to a violent fire in a black crucible, coated with charcoal powder. The mass is then left to cool; and on breaking the crucible, two distinct strata come to view—one consisting of vitrified boracic, or boracic acid containing some alumina; and the other of aluminum in a metallic state, mixed up with crystals of boron. To separate the latter, this metallic mass is treated with boiling caustic soda, to dissolve the latter; then with hydrochloric acid, to carry off the iron which may have been separated from the plumbago of the crucible; and, lastly, with a mixture of nitric and hydrofluoric acid, to dissolve the silicon left by the soda. After this, the boron is obtained pure in three varieties of crystals—namely, 1. Black and opaque lustrous, which will cut diamond, though not so well as diamond powder. 2. Long prismatic crystals, perfectly transparent, and as brilliant as diamonds, but not so hard as the former variety; if without flaws they might be used for jewelry. 3. Very minute but distinct crystals of a red chocolate color, and quite as hard as diamond. Used as diamond powder, they give a fine polish.

NOVEL TIMEPIECE.—A watchmaker of Newport has in his shop window a timepiece of peculiar construction and recent invention, showing the hour, not at Greenwich alone, but in all parts of the world. The names of places of note are arranged in a circle according to their respective longitudes. The clock, which has been registered, will save captains and others much trouble.

STEEL TUBES.—Messrs. Russell & Howell have patented some improvements in the manufacture of steel tubes, applicable to the flues of steam-boilers and other uses; the improvements consist in causing the steel, after it has been converted in the ordinary manner, to be rolled into sheets of the length, width, and thickness required, then to cut the edges into the proper form, according as a lap or butt weld is to be made. The sheets thus prepared are then turned up, so that the edges meet, or nearly so, and when raised to a welding heat, the welding of the edges is performed by external pressure, by dies or by grooved rollers, with or without the aid of internal supports or mandrils. For these purposes, the iron, having been converted into wrought steel, is to be rolled into sheets of the desired thickness, as when preparing wrought iron for making welded iron tubes, and suitable for making lap or butt joints or welds. The wrought steel is then heated to a suitable welding heat, when they are to be subjected to external circumferential pressure, either by being drawn through dies or by means of grooved rollers, with or without the internal support of a mandril, as when welding wrought iron tubes.

RAILWAY SIGNALS.—Mr. Fontaineau has made improved railway signal apparatus, which consist in fitting to the rails at suitable distances a rod which projects a little above the rail, so that when the wheels of a train pass over it they depress it, and thus put into action the manipulator provided with a suitable spring playing between two metal conductors, so as to establish a current of electricity (generated from batteries placed at convenient distances on the line) between the manipulator and receiver connected with the signalling apparatus.

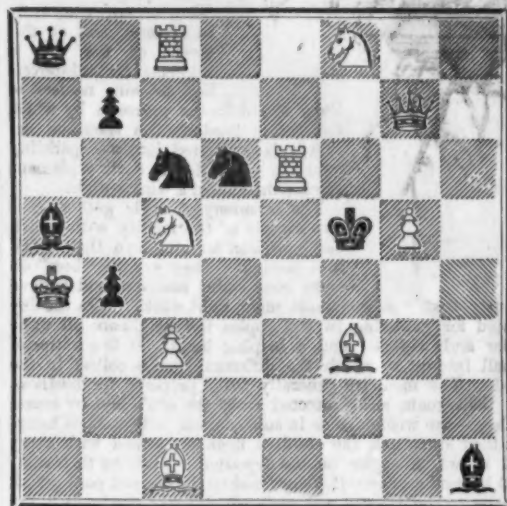
There is a merchant in Cleveland, Ohio, who has lately been in the habit of purchasing a gallon of oysters for his Sunday dinner. Observing that the keg did not yield its usual amount last week, and that it retained its weight he opened it for examination, and was horrified to find he had been shaking up a dead baby.

CHESS.

TO OUR READERS.

Our constant attendance at the National Chess Congress takes up so much of our time, that we reluctantly defer all answers to correspondents until the Tournament is terminated. We therefore throw ourselves on the mercy of our well-wishers for the meagreness of the Chess matter for this week, trusting soon to lay before them all the most interesting details connected with the present Chess Congress. Paul Morphy, of New Orleans, who takes part in this Tournament, carries everything before him: He is, without exception, the best player in the United States. He is but little over twenty years of age. Mr. Paulsen, of Dubuque, Iowa, is also one of the chief attractions present. We style him a Chess phenomenon: he plays four games blindfold with the skill and accuracy of a veteran, without manifesting the slightest exertion that such an immense task would naturally require.

PROBLEM XCIV.—"LE PREUX CHEVALIER"—A Sui-Mate, by N. MARACHE. (From the Chess Monthly.) White to play and compel Black to checkmate in six moves.



WHITE.

CHESS AT THE MANCHESTER MEETING.

GAME XCIV.—Match between Oxford and Manchester.

Manchester.	Oxford.	Manchester.	Oxford
1 P to K4	P to K4	25 P to Q B 5	Kt to Q 2
2 Kt to KB3	P to Q 3	26 P to Q Kt 5 (f)	Q Kt P Ks Q B P
3 B to Q B 4	B to K 2	27 Q Kt P Ks Q B P	P Ks P
4 P to Q 2 (a)	Kt to KB3	28 B Ks P	Kt to Q Kt 3
5 Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Q B 3	29 R to Q B 5 (g)	Kt Ks Q R P
6 P to K B 3	Kt to Q R 4	30 Q B Ks Q P	Kt to Q Kt 3
7 Castles K	Kt to B 3	31 R to Q Kt 5 (A)	Q R to Q B sq
8 P Ks Kt	B to K 3	32 B Ks Kt	P Ks B
9 Q to K 2	Kt to Q 2 (b)	33 Q R Ks P	K R to KB3
10 Kt to Q 5	P to KB4	34 K to KB sq	P to K 6
11 Kt Ks B	Q Ks Kt	35 P to KB3	K R to K 3
12 P Ks P	B Ks K B P	36 K to K 2	K to B sq
13 B to K Kt 5	Q to KB2	37 K R to Q B 4	K to Kt sq (I)
14 Kt to Q 4	Castles K side	38 P to K R 4	P to K Kt 3
15 Kt Ks B	Q Ks Kt	39 P to K Kt 4	K to R sq
16 B to K 3	Q R to K sq	40 P to KB4	K to Kt sq
17 Q to Q 3	Q Ks Q	41 P to KB5	P Ks P
18 P Ks Q (c)	P to Q B 3	42 P Ks P	K R to KB3
19 Q R to Q B sq	P to Q Kt 3	43 K Ks P	K R Ks B P
20 Q R to Q B 2	K R to KB2	44 P to Q B 7	K R to KB3 (m)
21 P to Q 4	P to K 5 (d)	45 R to Q Kt 5	K R to KB sq
22 P to Q Kt 4	P to Q 4	46 R Ks R	B Ks R
23 P to Q R 4	Kt to KB3	47 K to Q 4	Resigns.
24 K R to Q B sq	Q R to KB sq (e)		

NOTES TO GAME XCIV.

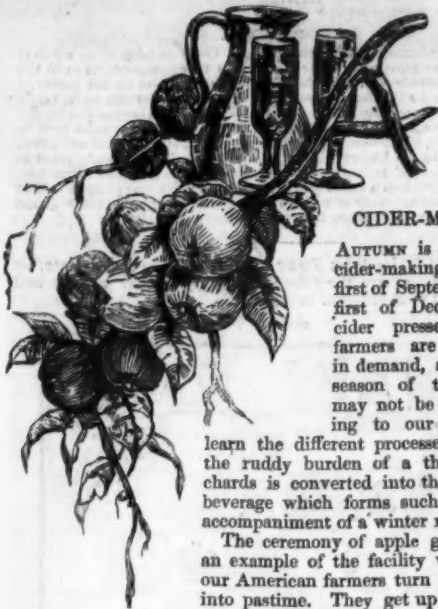
- A feeble move for players who have the attack in the opening.
- P to Q B 3, to prevent the adverse Q Kt getting into play, would apparently have been better.
- White lost ground at the beginning, but the exchange brings them up again, and the game is now pretty equal.
- We should have preferred taking the Pawn, and thus getting command of the centre file.
- With what possible object was this Rook played thus?
- Well conceived.
- Here again White play with judgment, this move rendering it worse than useless for Black to move their Kt to Q B 6.
- Q R to K 5, for the purpose of winning the King's Pawn, would have been stronger play. The attack on the Knight could have been made subsequently with equal effect.
- Black have undoubtedly a bad position, but this play could only make it worse.
- Merely loss of time. Far better, surely to have played, the Rook back to B sq at once.

Mr. STANTON gives the Pawn and move to one of the best players of the Manchester Club.
(Remove Black's King's Bishop's Pawn from the Board.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K4	P to Q 3	25 K to KB2	Q B to Q Kt 4
2 P to KB4	Q Kt to QB3	26 Q R to QB2	P to QB5
3 P to Q4	P to K3	(This for a time places the Q Kt hors de combat.)	
4 P to QB3	P to K Kt 3	27 Q Kt to QR sq	Q to QR3
5 K Kt to KB3	P to Q4	28 KB Kt Kt	K P Ks B
6 P to K5	Q Kt to K 2	(This gives White a passed Pawn; but that is less objectionable than the consequences of taking with the Rook would have proved.)	
7 KB to Q3	K Kt to KB3	29 P Ks Kt P	Q Ks P
8 QB to K3	K Kt to his 5	(Taking with the Q R's Pawn would have shut the Queen out of play.)	
9 QB to K Kt sq	P to QB3	30 P to Q Kt 3	K B to Q R 6
10 P to KB3	K Kt to KB3	31 K R to Q Kt sq	P to QB6
11 P to K Kt 4	Q B to Q 2	(The only course to maintain his advantage of position. Had he played the natural move of Q B to Q R 5, White would have won by moving Q R to Q R 2.)	
12 QB to K3	K B to K Kt 2	32 Q R Ks P	R Ks R
13 Q Kt to Q 2	Q to QB2	33 Q Ks R	R to Q B 3
14 Q Kt to Q Kt 3	P to Q Kt 3	34 Q to Q 2	K B to K 3
(This move somewhat weakens Black's Pawns on the Q side, but it was indispensably needful, to prevent the incoming of the adverse Knight.)		35 K to K Kt 3	P to KB4
(Threatening to win a piece by advancing the Pawn to K B 5.)		36 R to Q B sq	R Ks R
15 K Kt to KB2		37 Q to QR sq	P Ks Kt P
16 P to KB4	Castles on Q side	38 K Kt to B3	Kt to KB3
17 Q R to Q B sq	K R to K Kt sq	39 Q to QB3	Q B to Q 2
18 P to QB4	P Ks P	40 Q Kt to QB2	P to KB4 (ch)
(Black's position is not a bad one of roses; for, do what he will, the enemy can force an opening into his camp.)		41 K to KB2	Kt to K Kt 5 (ch)
19 R Ks P	Q Kt to Q 4	42 K to K Kt 3	Q to K Kt 4
20 K B to K 4	Q R to Q B sq	(From this point White's game appears to be irretrievable.)	
21 K to K 2		43 Q to her 2	Q Ks Q Kt P
(This, as we shall presently see, was not so advisable as playing the King to KB2 would have been.)		44 K to KB3	P to K Kt 7
22 K R to Q B sq	Q to Q Kt 2	45 K Ks P	
23 P to Q R 4	K B to KB sq	(Had he played K to B 2, Black equally won a piece by moving Q's Bishop to Q R 5.)	
(Black's defence may now be considered complete; every piece is in action, and his King for the moment impregnable.)		46 Q Ks Q	Q Ks Kt
24 P to Q R 5	P to Q B 4	47 K to KB3	Kt Ks B (ch)
(This move would be benefit of half its potency were the adverse King at his E 2.)		48 K Ks P	Kt Ks Q

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XCIV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 B to K Kt 4	Kt to KB
2 R to K 6	Kt Ks R or (a)
3 B mates.	
2	Kt to K 3
3 Kt mates.	



ABOUT CIDER-MAKING.

AUTUMN is the time for cider-making. From the first of September to the first of December, the cider presses of our farmers are constantly in demand, and at this season of the year it may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn the different processes by which the ruddy burden of a thousand orchards is converted into the sparkling beverage which forms such a pleasant accompaniment of a winter night.

The ceremony of apple gathering is an example of the facility with which our American farmers turn their work into pastime. They get up "bees" on every conceivable occasion, and believe religiously that "many hands make light work." On the day appointed for gathering in the apples, the neighbors all come from far and wide, to lend a helping hand. It is a source of no small interest to watch the different groups collect in the orchards. The men are generally fully prepared for business, minus their coats, and protected from the sun's rays by coarse straw hats—the women come in sun-bonnets, with baskets hanging on their arms, and the children flock in, armed with every utensil in which apples can be deposited. Business then commences in good earnest—the bags, baskets, boxes, and pans are all tributaries to the wagons and carts which carry the loads to the barn, and the work of stripping progresses briskly.

There are a great many quiet little under-currents, however, beneath all this industry and application. People collect together in small congenial groups and discuss the affairs of the neighborhood, as they work—children vary the programme by impromptu frolics and by a plentiful use of their masticating organs, and the "young folks" contrive to gather in sentiment and romance faster than they pick up apples. Many a time have we seen shy flirtations carried on under the protecting shadow of some gnarled old apple tree, and in the convenient corners of sunny orchards, where the young heads are oftentimes in such close neighborhood over half-filled baskets, all unconscious of the oblique glances and merry winks directed towards them, that they start and blush like guilty things when a round-cheeked apple comes plump down upon them, as if the old tree itself were minded to have a joke at their expense! Apple gathering is a merry time for all the population between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five!

Among all country places this annual onslaught upon the orchards creates a general jubilee, and we know of no more agreeable picture on a bright October afternoon than the slope of a hill all dotted with these busy groups, engaged, as depicted in our accompanying illustration, in gathering up the abundant shower of ripe apples, under the twisted old trees.

They are then carried, some in wagons and wheelbarrows, and some in sacks and baskets, to be deposited on the spacious and cleanly-swept floor of a barn, somewhere in the vicinity, where every shade of red and russet and gold is blended together, until the whole gathering is complete. It is usually the occupation of one man to receive and pile them in this store-place, from which they are carted off to the nearest cider mill.

These huge presses are very important institutions during the cider season, and are constantly beset with applicants for their use. They generally adhere to the good old rule of "first come, first served," however, and the farmer must engage the mill for a day or so, several weeks before he is ready for the cider-making, if he hopes to secure a chance.

The apples are now put into the mill, where they are crushed by the action of a large wheel, turned by horse-power, of which the illustration will convey a clear idea. The "pumice," as this crushed matter is called, descends through a wooden trough into a box or bin below, from which it is taken out in baskets and disposed in a square pile to undergo the "screwing" process.

This heap of "pumice" is constructed with alternate layers of straw and crushed apples, and when the pile is sufficiently high, the wide, flat board immediately above the heads of the figures (see engraving) is lowered along grooves on either side of the upright wooden beams, and screwed tight by means of a long lever. The cider now flows freely, and after having been subjected to this pressure for a sufficient length of time the press is unscrewed; the edges of the "pumice" are pared off and thrown on the top, and the pressure is again put on.

This process is repeated several times, and finally the whole

pile is disturbed, and made up for the "last squeeze," until no more juice can possibly be expressed. The base of this press is provided with a ledge which has a mouth in front, out of which the juice flows into a vessel placed underneath. From this receptacle it is drawn off into the usual casks and barrels, to await fermentation.

As a general thing, apples of all flavors and all degrees of acidity are thrown indiscriminately into the press, but for some purposes only sweet apples are used. In Pennsylvania, where "apple butter" is manufactured in great quantities among the German farmers, sweet apples are much in demand, as their juice alone is of use in this popular compound. Every farmer throughout the whole country expects to have at least one barrel, if not more, of cider made from sweet apples exclusively, for household purposes.

The cider-mill is a universal haunt for young and old while these operations are going on. It is an interesting and novel sight to those who are not versed in the details of country life, to watch the curious process by which this rude and primitive machinery converts the shapeless masses of "pumice" into a descending torrent of transparent liquid, and the simple yet thorough contrivance by which the bundles of clean, yellow straw become sieves, through which the cider is thoroughly strained at every descent of the screw; and to the "rising generation" in particular the achievements of the cider-mill are fascinating and marvellous in the highest degree. They watch the heaps of shining apples, round and juicy and golden, as they are thrown in above, and stand by with breathless interest as they pass through the intermediate state of pumice, and become at length *bons fide* cider.

And when at length the sweet, fresh liquid is placed in the multitude of casks and tubs in which they are to remain for a temporary space, it is the signal for a universal descent thereupon on the part of these young Cossacks. They are privileged persons, however, for the time being, and no one dreams of interfering with their acknowledged rights in this matter. They are generally well armed beforehand with straws and hollow elder tubes from which the pith has been carefully removed, and col-



GATHERING THE FRUIT.

lect eagerly around all the receptacles to suck the delicious fluid until they are thoroughly gorged, and "drop off" one by one, like so many leeches.

Gray-headed old farmers also congregate around the door, to talk over the prospect of a mild winter and a good spring crop, indulge in social gossip on every topic of general interest, and calculate the probable amount of cider to be realized from each orchard in the vicinity. Even the girls and women are irresistibly attracted towards the scene of labor, and may be seen in little knots and groups around the mill. Altogether, it is not to be wondered at that cider-making is looked forward to with so much anticipation, when it forms such a pleasant little episode in the daily life of every rural neighborhood.

In the hospitality of the farm-house, cider is a staple article, and few groups around the fire on a December evening are unsupplied with a basket of red-cheeked apples and a massive stone pitcher of the sparkling liquid. Jest and merry converse are its constant accompaniments, and many is the delightful evening that the genial liquid has brought to our rural homes. The operation of expressing the juice is very simple, and nature supplies us with a plentiful harvest of loaded orchards, so that this beverage is at once one of the most healthy and the cheapest of country luxuries.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT AND NUBIA.

Two pyramids of the Eastern deserts are objects of interest to every one. No traveller visits the oriental shores without making a pilgrimage across the burning sands, simply for the privilege of standing in their vast shadows and looking up at those immense structures which have so long bidden defiance to age or decay. But they also supply an inexhaustible field for investigation and conjecture to philosophers and scientific men.

Many new discoveries have recently been made on the subject, particularly among the pyramids west of Mount Barkal, of which our accompanying engraving is an accurate delineation. After a careful study of their structure and remaining exterior, it is now believed that these pyramids presented anciently the appearance depicted in our illustration.

In respect to their destination, or the purposes for which they were originally erected, savants are still undecided. Many conjectures are hazarded, but as the mighty piles are obstinately dumb and refuse to give any evidence whatsoever, save the simple fact that they exist, no definite conclusions can be formed. Some imagine them to be nothing more than stately tombs—and their peculiar monumental shape and general disposition near great cities would seem to confirm this supposition. Others think them landmarks in the desert, and many are of opinion that they are religious structures. This last is the most reasonable supposition, as nearly all pyramids are adorned with small temples on one or more of their sides, where tributes and offerings were probably received by the attendant priests. As many of the mosques in the neighboring cities serve at once as a receptacle for tombs and a shrine for devotional purposes, there is no reason why the pyramids may not have been in their day at once a temple and a grave.

In the vicinity of Mount Barkal they are exceedingly numerous, and are scattered in small groups here and there without any apparent system or order. In some parts of Nubia there are groups of more than eighty pyramids of different height and size, and the singular manner in which they are situated adds another shade to the deep mystery which surrounds their origin.

Our engraving will at once recall the majestic proportions of these desert sentinels to all who have ever travelled miles under a burning Nubian sun to witness them, and to those who have never beheld the stupendous reality it will give an excellent idea of the myriad relics of antiquity which are scattered over the entire surface of the East, full of suggestions as to a civilization of which there is no record.

ROBBERY AND SINGULAR CASE OF HUMBUG.—The *Hartford Times* relates a singular case of robbery, which occurred in Stafford, in this wise. Mr. Joseph Holmes, about eighty years of age, residing in West Stafford, has long believed that an undiscovered gold or silver mine existed on his farm. Two or three weeks ago two strolling Gypsies, a man and woman, came to Stafford, and undoubtedly learned this weakness of Mr. Holmes. By sundry arts the old woman convinced him that she possessed the power of divination, and had succeeded in discovering undoubted evidence of the existence of a gold mine on his farm, but added, that in order to make the charm complete, she must first hold and handle the sum of \$1,000. The credulous man actually went to work and succeeded in raising the cash; borrowing the sum of \$800 of Capt. Zolva Converse. He enclosed the one thousand dollars in a brown paper package, and handed it to the Gipsy woman, who "only wanted to handle it." She "handled" it for a minute before Mr. Holmes' eyes and then, as he supposed, gave it back to him with this injunction: "Now you put this in your pocket, do not open it, and as soon as you get home, lock it up and put the key in your pocket. One week from to-night you can take it out again, for the charm will then be perfect and the mine discovered." Mr. Holmes tremblingly put the treasure in his pocket, and drove rapidly home, but on the way kept feeling the package, and soon began to think the form of it had undergone a change. He reached home and examined the package, when lo! it contained nothing but paper. A warrant was got out, and Sheriff Bolton started in pursuit. He traced them to Tolland, and on to near Vernon, where all trace of the wagon wheels were lost in consequence of the heavy rains. The Gipsy man is about thirty years of age, thick set, medium height, burly whiskers and dark complexion; the woman about the same age, and very dark. They had an old square bodied wagon and an old horse. A reward of \$100 is offered for their detection. Mr. Holmes is a man of small means, and unless he recovers the amount will lose his little property.

WHAT THEY EAT AT KEY WEST.—Key West Island is about the size of the new Great Eastern steamer, but more thinly populated. The means of supporting human life on the island may be guessed at from the following series of conundrums propounded by the ship steward to an "important personage" in the crowd on shore: Steward—"Have you got any beef?" Answer—"No!" "Eggs?" "No!" "Milk?" "No!" "Any chickens ashore?" "No!" "Veal?" "No!" "Mutton?" "No!" Steward (in despair and a clean shirt)—"Have you anything to eat on the island?" "Oh yes—turtle—lots of it." So sundry green turtles were brought on board, and we have been turtled in every conceivable form in which turtle ever has been cooked, and what new forms the imagination of the cook could invent. The dinner bills of fare discourse somewhat in this style: soup, turtle; fish, turtle; boiled turtle, roast turtle; side dishes, turtle steak, turtle patés, turtle au gratin, stewed turtle, turtle on the half shell, &c.; game, turtle doves (alluding, no doubt, to one that dove overboard), and so on, including turtle at discretion (and a slight discount). Sometimes, I hear, the inhabitants of Key West get a little beef from Tampa Bay, but not often, turtle being the stand-by, and the people politically hard shells.



HUSING THE APPLES.



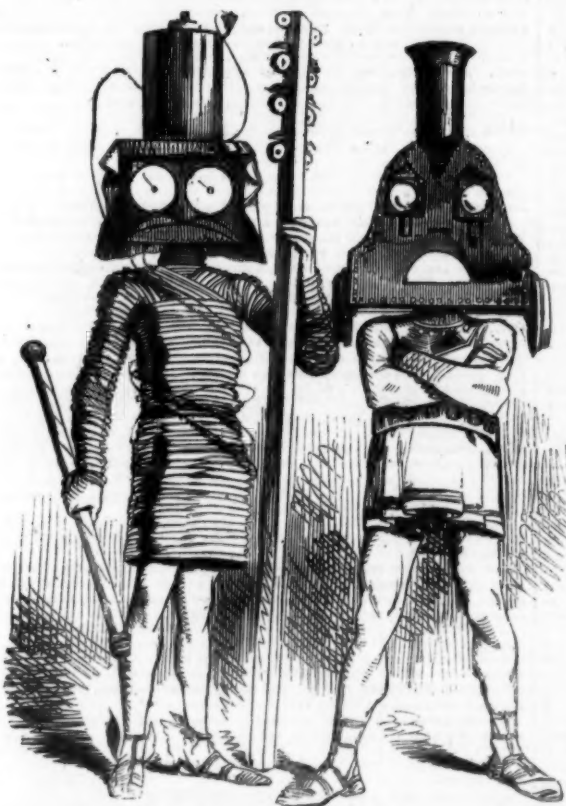
CIDER-MAKING. POUND-HOUSE, THE MILL AND PRESS.

THE GIANTS OF THE TIME.

"WHAT can we two great Forces do?"
Said Steam to Electricity,
"To better the case of the human race,
And promote mankind's felicity?"

Electricity said, "From far lands sped,
Through a wire, with a thought's velocity,
What tidings I bear!—of deeds that were
Never passed yet for atrocity."

"Both land and sea," said Steam, "by me,
At the rate of a bird men fly over;
But the quicker they speed to kill and bleed,
A thought to lament and sigh over."



THE GIANTS OF THE TIME.

"The world, you see," Electricity
Remarked, "thus far is our debtor,
That it faster goes; but, goodness knows,
It doesn't get on much better."

"Well, well," said Steam, with whistle and scream,
"Herein we help morality;
That means we make to overtake
Rebellion and rascality."

"Sure enough, that's true, and so we do,"
Electricity responded.

"Through us have been caught, and to justice brought,
Many scoundrels who had ab. conded."

Said Steam, "I hope we shall get the rope
Round the necks of the Sepoy savages,
In double quick time, to avenge their crime,
And arrest their murders and ravages."

"We've been overpraised," said both; "we raised
Too sanguine expectations:
But with all our might, we haven't yet quite
Regenerated the nations."

"We're afraid we shan't—we suspect we can't
Cause people to change their courses;
Locomotive powers alone are ours:
But the world wants motive forces."—Punch.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF SIAM.—On entering the hall, we found it crowded with nobles, all prostrate and with their faces bent to the ground. I walked forward through the centre of the hall to a cushion provided for me in a line with the very highest nobles not of royal blood; the prime minister and his brother were close to me on my right hand. The king came in, and seated himself on an elevated and gorgeous throne like the curtained box of a theatre. He was clad in golden garments, his crown at his side, but he wore on his head a cap decorated with large diamonds, and enormous diamond rings were on his fingers. Very agreeable music continued to be played; it sank into silence, and I addressed the king in a speech, which I read, thanking his majesty for the cordial welcome I had received. The reception must have lasted half an hour, when the king withdrew, and a golden curtain was let down before the throne on which he had been seated. The nobles rose, and we were greeted by such of them as we personally knew. There was again a chorus of music, in which innumerable drums took part; and I received a message from the king that he wished to see me quite alone. I was conducted through a court of the palace, and found the king, divested of his royal robes, sitting behind a latticed window, at a considerable height above me, while I stood on a carpet below. A chair was soon brought, and his majesty read a copy of my speech aloud, and was pleased to pay me many compliments about it. He said, when I spoke it he did not clearly understand its meaning; but now he understood every word, and every word was appropriate, and such as he should have wished me to say. He asked me whether there were any productions of Siam I wished to possess, for they were quite at my service, and he would send them. He said I should have what plants I wished, and ordered that two young elephants should be presented to me, if I would take charge of them. He directed a lithograph of the white elephant to be given me, and then sent for his youngest born, a girl of eight months, and having fondled it, asked if I did not think it handsome—which it really was; it was quite naked, and I saw no ornaments, except a small coronal of white flowers upon its head. I asked his majesty how many children he had; he answered, "Eleven since I was king, and twelve before"—plenty of royalty. It was a pretty sight to see a despot monarch, before whom I had just witnessed the whole nobility of the land in a state of prostrate adoration, dandling and smiling upon a little child.

ORIGIN OF KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.—Matthew of Westminster says that, formerly, it was usual to kiss the hand of his Holiness; but that, towards the end of the eighth century, a certain lewd woman, in making an offering to the Pope, not only kissed his hand, but also pressed it. The Pope—his name was Leo—seeing the danger, cut off his hand, and thus escaped the contamination to which it had been exposed. Since that time the precaution has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand; and, lest any one should doubt the accuracy of this account, the historian assures us that the hand which had been cut off five or six hundred years before, still existed in Rome, and was indeed a standing miracle, since it was preserved in the Lateran in its original state, free from corruption.

THE DEGREES OF LOVE.—Of all passions in the world, love no only is the most tyrannical, and takes the deepest hold, but is also speediest in its transformation, and in its change of the scenery around us; nay, the scenery environing the heart. That love is the great sweetener of our existence—the active and stirring principle—the spring which sets everything in motion—the vivid awakener, exponent, and representation of all the finest, most delicate, and subtlest movements in our spiritual nature, who could deny? But it must differ in all minds: the tasteful can love but with taste; the delicate with delicacy; the fervent and eager with high impellent strength, and burning completeness and abandonment. There is love which once aroused—called to the surface from its tender fountain, and boiling up from its placid depths, becomes like the torrent sweeping on in impetuosity, rising up against and surmounting with fury all the petty obstacles and small interruptions which envy and cautious policy, the coldness or worldliness of man, seek to interpose to it. Love is such a giant power that it seems to gather strength from obstruction, and at every difficulty rises to higher might. It is all dominant—all conquering; a grand leveller, which can bring down to its own universal line of equalization the proudest heights, and remove the stubbornest impediments. There is no hope of resisting it, for it outwatches watch—submerges everything, acquiring strength as it proceeds; ever growing, nay, growing out of itself.

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS.—A tailor at Vienna came to the Emperor on one of his public days, and laid a complaint against one of the highest nobility—a Schwartzburg—that he had ruined the character of his daughter. "What has he done?" asked the Emperor. "Oh," replied the plaintiff, "I own he has no acquaintance with her, but every day he rides down the street and kisses his hand to her, which has compromised her reputation very much, and impedes her marriage." The Emperor sent for the noble gallant, and notwithstanding it was proved that he had never exchanged a word with the girl, ordered him to pay her a compensation of 2,000 florins. He might have resisted, but as he felt it might make him *mal vu de la cour*, he paid the money.

NECESSITY OF SLEEP.—John Hunter, the great surgeon, died suddenly of spasmodic affection of the heart, a disease greatly encouraged by want of sleep. In a just published volume by a medical man, there is one great lesson that hard students and literary men may learn, and that is, that Hunter probably killed himself by taking too little sleep. "Four hours' rest at night, and one after dinner, cannot be deemed sufficient to recruit the exhausted powers of body and mind." Certainly not, and the consequence was that Hunter died early. If men will insist on cheating Sleep, her "twin sister Death" will avenge the insult.



EFFECT OF NOT TAKING NOTICE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DECISION ON CALIFORNIA LAND CLAIMS.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL BLAKE, in a recent decision, says that a person who claims land in California under a grant from Mexico, is entitled to have a patent for it issued out of the General Land Office, whenever he shows that his claim has been finally confirmed by the Commissioner of the District Court, or by the Supreme Court, if he, at the same time, accompanies the proof with a survey certified and approved by the Surveyor-General. The Attorney-General has certain supervisory control over the investigation of these California land claims, while the contest upon them is between the United States and the Mexican Grantees; but beyond this persons claiming titles adverse to the patentees must resort to the proper Courts of the State.

THE ASPENWALL AND PANAMA INTER-OCEANIC CANAL.

The Navy Department received to-day an official communication from Commodore Paulding, relative to his reconnaissance of the Isthmus between Aspenwall and Panama, to ascertain the practicability of constructing the Inter-Oceanic Canal. He and his scientific party took the route by which the railroad passes, as in every respect most desirable for this purpose. He reports that the Isthmus itself seems to present no serious obstacle for the construction of a canal, but that there would be great difficulty in procuring laborers for the successful accomplishment of the work. The distance from ocean to ocean, according to Eugene Tottien's estimate, along the proposed line of route for the canal, is 48½ miles. It is calculated that the cost of the canal, including harbor improvements at both ends, will not exceed \$80,000,000.

GRANTS OF LANDS TO RAILROADS.

Attorney-General Cushing recently made a decision relative to the grants of lands for railroad purposes, saying: "A legislative grant by Congress does of itself, *proprio vigore*, pass to the grantee all the estate which the United States had in the subject-matter of the grant, except what is expressly excepted. There can be no need of further assurance in order to give the State a title in fee. The definite location of the road will locate the grant upon the proper number of even sections on each side, with which the United States shall not previously have parted with the title, and the selection of the Government agent will determine what sections or parts of sections are to be taken, instead of those sold or subject to pre-emption. Then the title to each particular parcel will be as complete as if it had been granted by name, number or description."

Capt. D. J. Sutherland, Assistant Quartermaster, has been promoted to Quartermaster of the Marine Corps, with the rank of Major, in place of Lindsay, deceased. Capt. W. A. T. Maddox has been appointed to Assistant-Quartermaster in place of Sutherland, promoted.

Senor Irujo has had an informal interview with Secretary Cass, on the subject of his reception as Minister of Nicaragua.

ORDERS TO INTERCEPT THE FILIBUSTERS.

The Navy Department has recently sent out instructions to the commanders of several vessels of the home squadron, with regard to intercepting armed parties designing to invade Mexico, Nicaragua and Costa Rica.

IS A TRACT OF LAND ILLEGALLY SOLD SUBJECT TO PRE-EMPTION?
In reply to an inquiry made at the General Land Office, whether a tract of land illegally sold was subject to pre-emption, the acting Commissioner replied that it is not pre-emptible whilst covered by an actual sale; and though the sale should be declared invalid, the land cannot be entered until subsequent to its restoration to the market, after at least thirty days public notice.

PROBABLE RECOGNITION OF THE MINISTER FROM NICARAGUA.
It is now probable that the present Government of Nicaragua will be recognized by the reception of its Minister, Yrujo, with a view to the formation of a treaty with that Republic, to permanently secure for the United States the privilege of the transit route.

FILIBUSTERING MOVEMENT.

Private letters received here to-day from the South, by persons who sympathize with Western filibustering movements, state that recruiting business is progressing finely. There are several hundred recruits already in New Orleans. It is further stated that they apprehend no difficulty or hindrance in leaving any of the Southern ports, as most of the officers of Government sympathize with the movement. It is shrewdly suspected here that some of the Marshals, District Attorneys, &c., are winking at this movement. The administration is on the qui vive. Look out for a few secret Government officers from this locality in Southern ports.

THE WAGON ROAD TO THE PACIFIC.

The Interior Department has received despatches from Colonel Noble, superintendent of the party to construct a wagon road in Minnesota, from which it appears that there is now completed, from the Big Sioux to the Missouri river, a road over which any train can pass; and in the course of the month it will be extended to Fort Ridgely, the eastern terminus on the Missouri river.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The papers of the latest dates bring no further intelligence from India, but we give below some additional items not embraced in our last news. The general news contain some matters of interest.

ITEMS OF THE INDIAN WAR.

General Havelock has resumed his march on Lucknow. Small detachments of troops were being sent to India by the overland mail route.

General Reid died before Delhi. Lord Elgin's mission to Calcutta, it was understood, had reference to the transfer of Indian troops to China.

Another mutiny in one of the native regiments at Bombay had been suppressed.

Great fears were felt for the Indigo District. The merchants of Calcutta had sent a strong petition to the Queen to take the control of the Indian empire into the hands of the British Government.

General Banks, who commanded in the recent engagement at Lucknow, was killed.

The Government evinces increased activity in sending reinforcements to India, and the proffer of the fleet of the European and American Company's steamers for the overland route had been accepted by the India Company.

The Paris *Pays* says there has been received a private letter from London stating that Lord Elgin would soon be appointed Governor-General of India, and Lord Canning be nominated to another office.

The Indian mail steamer *Colombo* has arrived at Southampton, with numerous fugitives from mutinous districts in India. They give a frightful account of the state of Calcutta and the upper provinces of India.

The East India Company announce that they have taken measures to render prompt assistance to all sufferers in India.

A doubt has been thrown upon the reported mutinies among the Bombay troops in Dharwar.

FRENCH TROOPS IN INDIA.

Five hundred French troops had arrived at Calcutta from China, to defend French interests at Chandernagore. A battalion of French marines would probably be sent to reinforce the garrison at Pondicherry.

AN AMERICAN CORVETTE DESTROYS A PIRATICAL VILLAGE.

A letter from Hong-kong, received at Paris, says that the United States corvette *Levant*, in order to avenge the pillage by a gang of pirates of an American merchant ship, had burnt down a village on the Island of Formosa which the pirates occupied.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION WITH INDIA.

Advices from a telegram state that the telegraph between Malta and Sicily will be ready by the middle of October, and the British Government will then only have to lay a cable between Alexandria and Malta to bring Bombay within fifteen days of London.

AFFAIRS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Consols were at 90 to 90½. The offer of a commission in the army to any qualified party raising one hundred recruits has been withdrawn.

The subject of creating an army brigade from the middle class of Englishmen was daily attracting more attention, and it was supposed that the pressure of public opinion would induce the Government to take the matter up.

The *Globe* says that the Irish Council have fixed Sunday, the 4th of October, as a day for national humiliation and prayer on account of the Indian troubles. The Sultan of Turkey has contributed £2,000 to the Indian Relief Fund. Considerable political importance is attached to this act of the head of the Mohammedan religion.

AMERICAN STOCKS.

Messrs. Baring Bros. & Co. report sale of American securities as important. Bell & Co. report the market quiet, with but little inquiry, and prices very weak—the only change, however, being in Illinois Central, which had slightly declined.

Illinois Central 7½, 1860, freeloans..... 91 a 93
" " 8½, 1875..... 80 a 83
" " 7½..... 80½ a 81½

The London *Times* reports the following business on the 24th:
London Central freeloans, 1860..... 90
" " 8½, 1875..... 80½ per cent. discount.
" " 7½, of 1875..... 80½

Michigan Central 8½, of 1869..... 84
New York Central Railroad shares..... 71
There was a further increase in the demand for money, both in the Stock Exchange and at the Bank, but not beyond what was to have been anticipated from the near approach of the end of the quarter and the largeness of the Government balance.

As express train from Manchester to London, on the Great Northern Railway, ran off the track and over the viaduct. Four persons were killed, including the Hon. Windsor Olive, and a large number injured.

A collision occurred between the police and the militia at Limerick, on Sunday, the 20th. Some persons were injured, but no lives were lost.

Messrs. Harrison, Watson & Co., bankers in Hull, have failed. Their liabilities are supposed to be large.

The cattle disease has made its appearance in Kerry, Ireland.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS OF FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

The Emperors meet on Friday, the 25th. They will give a grand banquet on that day, and an evening at the Princess Royal's country seat. On Saturday

they will pay a visit to the royal breeding stud at Hohenheim, and attend an evening party at Willhelmschloss, the garden to which royal palace will be illuminated. The Minister of Foreign Affairs will have an assembly on the same evening of all the members of the diplomatic corps. The festivities will terminate on Sunday by a grand banquet at the Court, and a gala spectacle at the theatre. The Emperors will take their departure on Monday morning.

A telegraphic dispatch from Stuttgart, of the 25th, to the *Times*, says that Napoleon arrived there on that afternoon, at half past four o'clock. The King of Wurtemberg received him at the railway station, and conducted him to the palace, where they were immediately joined by the Emperor of Russia. Contrary to all expectations, the Empress of Russia was to join the party the next day. The Paris *Patrie* says the furthering of a common spirit of amity and good intelligence between the Courts of France and Russia is the only object of the interview.

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

The trial of those charged with the commission of frauds on the French Railroad had terminated. Parot was acquitted. Grellet was found guilty, and sentenced to eight years imprisonment. Carpentier and Guerin were also found guilty, and sentenced to five years imprisonment. Furthermore, Carpentier, Grellet and Parot are required to restore 4,332 shares, and Guerin 1,400.

The funeral of M. Maun was attended by 1,600 persons, of whom many were refugees. No funeral oration was permitted. Police precautions were taken, but no trouble occurred.

Inundations in the south of France have been very disastrous, the destruction of property immense, and several lives were lost. The Emperor contributed 10,000 francs from his private purse for the relief of the sufferers.

The grape harvest was progressing in the south, and the vintage was most abundant.

SPAIN AND MEXICO—FRANCE AND ENGLAND MEDIATE.

Mexico has accepted the mediation of England and France in her quarrel with Spain. The conference will be held in London.

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA.

A fire at St. Petersburg is reported to have consumed one hundred and seventy vessels and lighters.

It is stated that the Russian Government is constructing a large fortress at Kerch, to command the Straits of Yemakale.

Letters from St. Petersburg report that the reduction to a peace footing of the three divisions of cavalry of the Imperial Guard had been accomplished.

PROPOSED LIBERATION OF RUSSIAN SERFS.

A Berlin letter says the Czar, before leaving St. Petersburg, approved the draft of a project for the partial abolition of serfdom, and on his return the project will become a law, and a proclamation be issued inviting owners to arrange for the liberation of their serfs.

AFFAIRS IN TURKEY.

Omar Pacha is nominated Governor-General of Bagdad, a very lucrative post. He is charged with the duty of establishing a line of steamers upon the Tigris and the lower Euphrates, and with the protection of commerce against the Arabs.

Three Russian corvettes were in the Dardanelles, waiting for a firman to enter the Black Sea. These vessels, it is understood, are intended for a guard for the ships in ports designated by the treaty of Paris.

It is stated that the Porte, under the pressure of events, has come to the resolution of taking the initiative on the question of the Principality, and is about to propose an administrative union extending even to the army.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

A reconciliation between Austria and Russia was spoken of.

A Vienna despatch says that the Emperors of Austria and Russia will have an interview at Elmar on the 1st of October.

It is formally denied that France is seeking a closer alliance with Russia.

It is believed that both France and Russia side with Denmark on the question of the Duchies.

It was believed that the crisis in the Spanish Ministry was over, and that there would be no change in the Cabinet. The cause of the trouble was the Queen's refusal to remove Concha from the Government of Cuba.

Notwithstanding the Madrid journals say the Ministerial crisis is over, it was rumored that General Figueras was to resign the Ministry of War, and be succeeded by Leruendi, and that several high functionaries at the palace were to be dismissed. A royal decree convokes the Cortes for the 30th October.

Monetary affairs in Austria continued very unsatisfactory.

A Berlin despatch says that the separate negotiations between Prussia and Denmark had been broken off, and that Prussia and Austria had determined for the present not to carry the affairs of the Duchies before the Diet, but to await the representations of Holstein.

The rumors of a French note in favor of Denmark are contradicted.

The session of the States-General of Holland has commenced. In the King's speech it was stated that the question of the abolition of slavery in the West India colonies would be again brought before the Chambers.

The workmen of Ghent were on strike, and a rising was feared.

The cholera was raging in the North of Europe.

England refuses to give up the Island of Perim to Persia.

The Moldavian elections were largely in favor of a Union.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

GOING OUT TO SHOOT—FRENCH MORALITY ILLUSTRATED.

The record of the week, as far as concerns Paris itself, would be a mere blank, or, worse than that, a melancholy register of names of the departing and departed, were it not for the curiosity and interest always attached to the deeds and doings of those who remain behind, besides the exceeding pains and trouble it gives us to ascertain why they have remained. Thus we have discovered many secrets by this means, and particularly the history of a princely hotel which has suddenly become inhabited, after having been for a time hermetically closed and apparently deserted, and wherein suddenly have been beheld much bustle, and stirring lawyers—albeit the holidays are in full bloom—with big parchment rolls under their arms, and *facades* waiting for hours their exit from the mansion; while now and then, although but seldom, a gentleman is seen walking up and down the raised terrace before the windows of the ground-floor drawing-room, and a lady sitting, melancholy and miserable, beneath the tulip tree which grows upon the lawn. The gentleman is Monsieur de B—, whose history, coming out in all its nakedness before the astonished eyes of his fellow *Faubourians*, has caused them to blink and wink most nimbly, with something of fear at the anticipated disgrace to the aristocratic *Faubourg*, and something also of kreen enjoyment at the wondrous satire contained in the whole affair. Monsieur de B— has just returned from his chateau, whither he had gone to repose from the labors of last year's senatorial duties, and prepare for the coming pains and troubles of the next session.

The chateau of Mousier de B— is a fine place, and is considered one of the best specimens of the skill and science of Mansard. Above all, the gardens belonging to it are the wonder of the department, containing the most delightful shrubberies, the most quiet lovers' walks, and the most secluded nooks and corners to be found anywhere out of the virgin forests of America; and, therefore, who can wonder that M. de B—, who is all hospitality and goodness, should have permitted his neighbors, the Count de — and his charming young wife, to walk in the grounds, at all times and seasons, and to look upon them as their own property, which, considering the proximity of the little domain which the Count had hired for the season, close to the princely domain of his dear friend, was the most easy thing in the whole world to do?

The little Count de — is a most charming person, and M. de B—, who always acknowledged to having remarked her during the whole time for her great elegance and beauty, was delighted to think that his dear friend, Count de —, should have hit upon the happy idea, for friendship's sake, to secure the little villa for the summer; and thus, in the enjoyment of every sentiment of esteem and affection, did the happy couples live on through the early part of the summer, the only complaint on each side, when the ladies met, being the frequent absence of their husbands, and the length of time they seemed to spend in each other's company at the chateau; while, at the same time, it was agreed by both ladies that nothing would be more imprudent than to exhibit any displeasure at this absence from home, as the country, already so full of tireless *amis* to men in their position, would become doubly so were they to be deprived of the only solace which seemed to reconcile them to the loss of Paris excitement—smoking, drinking and shooting in each other's company.

We are thus circumstantial in preliminary details, because, as they are all to be brought forward in the forthcoming trial, we are anxious that your readers should have time to judge the affair before the lawyers have been enabled to turn and twist it according to the crooked points with which the law is stuck all over, and on which the few rays of truth remain hanging, ill-tattered and torn, wherever the lawyer has chosen to scatter them. M. de B— used, in fact, to spend much—very much—of his time at the villa, and often was wont to have the greatest qualms of fear lest the discontent—nay, perhaps the suspicion—of his wife might be aroused, for, to say the truth, the Countess is a very pretty little woman, exceedingly bland and courteous to all around her, and, as we have said, had been much admired during the winter months by M. de B—. But no! Madame de B— must surely have been an angel—she never complained of M. de B—'s neglect. She would see him depart without reproach—nay, once or twice, she even manifested a kind of pleasure at seeing him depart, so good-natured was she in temper, so delighted to behold him go forth to his country sports with his dear and valued friend, the Count de —!

One fine moonlight night, M. de B—, having, as usual, bidden his wife good night (the lady always retired to her chamber at a very early hour), strolled down towards the gate which opened from the shrubbery of the chateau into the little garden of the villa. Close to the entrance of the garden stands a little kiosque, sweetly embowered amongst the alder trees—romantic, retired spot, just fitted for the vows of unsophisticated love, and thither did M. de B— bend his cautious steps. The door of the kiosque was closed, and any friend watchful and anxious for M. de B— might have suffered some little uneasiness as to the possibility of his entrance; but speedily would such anxiety have been dispelled, for presently, on his utterance of the magic words, "*C'est moi!*" a fair white hand was extended to lift the latch, and a young and beautiful face peeped out beneath the moon, welcoming the adventurer with the sweetest epithets, and gently entering, M. de B— closed the door, and all was silent as before.

The sweet repose of that summer night was undisturbed for a short while longer; for, before the lapse of another hour, a footstep, quick and wrathful, was heard to pace over the gravel-walk which led from the house (but a short distance) to the kiosque. A figure, all disordered and in haste, ran up the steps of the little building, and, thundering at the door

with the butt-end of a pistol, called upon M. de B—, as a liar, traitor, an coward, to come forth. A loud and terrified shriek was heard from within, but this stayed not the avenger's wrath. Heedless of consequences, and finding the door still rebellious to his summons, he dashed his hand through the low window, and soon the loud report of the pistol awoke its deadly echo through the silence of the garden, and was answered by a fearful groan, while the most piercing shrieks rent the air, and the door, bursting open, revealed the figure of the Countess, who, half-maddened by terror, rushed from the kiosque, to stay her husband's hand from committing more frightful damage still.

The whole neighborhood was in an instant disturbed by clamor; servants came rushing from the chateau and from the villa. M. de B—, all bleeding and senseless from a wound in the neck, caused by the bullet from the Count's pistol, was borne through the garden to be laid on the sofa in the Count's drawing-room, while the Countess follows, all weeping and sobbing at the sad catastrophe. But, good heavens! what sight meets her eye? It is Madame de B—, pale and breathless, nay, frantic as herself, standing on the stair! How came she there? What did she there at that strange hour of the night? She had not been roused from slumber at the chateau, for she was attired in the same dress in which she had passed the evening, for she was attired in her friend the Countess had taken leave after calling just after dinner to learn how her sweet friend's headache was proceeding. The whole thing seemed involved in mystery, to such a degree, indeed, that the Count, who had been full of boiling wrath and unrestrained rage, at sight of that pale face and distracted look, and, above all, at that frenzy of despair which assailed poor Madame de B— when she became aware that it was her husband's form which was borne senseless into the house, he softened greatly, and suffered himself to be coaxed into a more quiet state of mind.

The Count left the house on the instant, and the Countess returned to her parents the next day, leaving the villa in possession of M. and Madame de B—. The latter nursed her husband with great attention and care until the fever had abated and he was pronounced out of danger; then she, too, disappeared, and is now safely lodged, people say, at the convent in the Rue de la Santé—while Monsieur de B— has returned with his mother to his hotel, where he is using all his endeavors to turn aside the current of the law, which threatens to drown him, and to drag to the bottom the fair Countess—for, contrary to the French custom in general, the Count, having taken his personal revenge upon his rival, is now bent on the ruin of his gully wife, and has commenced proceedings which have caused her to be torn by vile gendarmes from the refuge she had chosen, and to be lodged in the prison of the department; while no proof existing against Madame de B—, her husband has no redress, and must pocket the pistol shot and the prosecution, unless the avowed engaged for the defence can prove the entire innocence of the Countess, and that she was merely in the kiosque to breathe the fresh air, as was done once before upon a similar occasion.

You can imagine what a terrible blow this has been to the respectability of the *Faubourg*; and the best proof of its importance is the fact of its being the only one about which we have been talking the whole week, and consequently the only one we have to relate, as any abbreviation of details would have spoilt it entirely.

THE EMPRESS AT THE BULL FIGHT OF BAYONNE.

A grand bull fight was given on Sunday afternoon near Bayonne. A considerable crowd of elegantly dressed women filled, at an early hour, the vast tribunes. The King of Wurtemberg and suite arrived at a quarter to four. The Empress, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess d'Albe, and by the members of her suite, took her seat in the Imperial box at four. On the signal being given by the Mayor of St. Esprit, who presided over the proceedings, the performances commenced. Two bulls were killed after the usual struggle, and amidst the applause of the spectators. Just as a third was about to be let loose into the arena, a storm, accompanied by violent rain, broke over the place. A number of spectators placed in the open galleries to the right and left of the musicians' box, which was covered in, rushed to the latter in order to obtain protection from the storm; but their weight speedily proved too great for the timber work, which gave way, carrying with it several of the spectators. Five individuals were wounded, but only one severely, namely, a Spanish mule-driver; several others were more or less bruised. The Empress, after having ascertained that the wounded men had received every attention, left the Imperial box and returned to Biarritz. In consequence of this accident, orders were given by the municipal authorities to close the proceedings.

FASHIONS—SOMETHING NEW IN DRESS.

At length we have something new to announce in the way of fashion. A decidedly new form of dress has appeared—at least our generation will call it, no doubt, "the greatest novelty ever produced;" whereas, if Catherine de Medici, Queen Elizabeth, or Mary Queen of Scots were to be consulted on the question, they would answer that it was an old fashion renewed in their time from their good grandmothers. The *robe en éventail* has just arrived from Lyons; made, as the story goes, at the instigation of her Majesty, in order gradually to diminish the width of the skirt, and the necessity for hoopings and crinolines. The *robe en éventail* is made of the richest silk—the one which was displayed to us, as a specimen, by the dresser of the Empress, was of emerald green, covered with a running pattern of gold color and white. The design, beginning at the top of the skirt of rather small proportions, gradually increases in importance as it descends to the edge, where it terminates in a deep and florid border of the most brilliant pattern. Ten breadths of the silk are employed in the skirt, which is to be plaited flat to the figure, as far as the hips, when it is to spread out in all its majesty—increased by the richness of the silk, kept away from the feet and ankles by the weight of the thickly woven border; in short, the *robe en éventail* is destined to *faire la roue*, in a manner far more pompous and threatening than any crinoline, or caoutchouc, or gutta percha could ever have accomplished. Upon the weight of its own merits alone does it stand, and will need no foreign aid to arrive at effect.

MOSAIC ITEMS.

Few of our readers have, perhaps, an idea of the expenses of the staff of a daily newspaper. The following figures may be relied on with regard to the London *Daily News*, the staff of which consists of a chief editor, sixteen guineas; sub-editor, twelve guineas; second sub-editor, ten guineas; foreign sub-editor, eight guineas; writers about four guineas a day, £25; sixteen parliamentary reporters, one at seven guineas, and the others at five guineas per week. The aggregate weekly expenses are—editing, writing and reporting a double daily paper during the session of Parliament, £250; foreign and local corresponders, £100; printing, machinery, publishing, and general expenses of double paper, with occasional second and third editions, and an evening edition three days a week, £200. Total, £550.

A narrative of Prince Napoleon's voyage in the North Seas is expected shortly to appear, written by a Polish gentleman.

The youngest son of M. Victor Hugo has published the first fruits of his literary labors—a monography of the Island of Jersey. It is entitled, "*La Normandie Inconnue*," and is much praised in the French journals.

The Emperor of Austria has made a most important accession to the Pope. In future his Holiness will not defray the cost of the Austrian army of occupation in the Romagna, which will save him nearly £80,000 a year.

Recently a party of well-known opera-singers, comprising, among others, Mlle. Piccolomini, Sig. Belletti, and Sig. Giuglini, visited Bristol, and no small wonder and amusement was caused to the Bristolians from the fact that Giuglini, "the great tenor," as he is called, passed his time daily in flying a kite with three tails on the downs at Clifton. The talented singers were surprised to hear that the reception of the Russian guests, presented by Lord Farnham to "the city of merchant princes," had been a very cold affair, and they determined to celebrate the event in a rather singular fashion. Giuglini purchased a large quantity of fireworks, and one night, after the theatre was closed, Mlle. Piccolomini, and Mlles. Fazio and Panna, Sig. Belletti, Belletti, Benvenuto, Rossi, Giuglini, and Mercuati, repaired to the summit of Brandon Hill, where, in close proximity to the guns, they amused themselves with letting off the fireworks and singing. They brought their impromptu gala to a conclusion by singing "God save the Queen." Many of the inhabitants of the neighborhood were of course awakened, and drawn to the spot by the proceedings. The efforts of the vocalists were said greatly to exceed their most brilliant displays when on "the boards."

It is said the same of the London *Times* each morning makes a pile of paper fifty feet high. Every four days it would make a column as high as the London Monument.

The splendid picture gallery of Count Schönbein, in the castle of Weissenstein, in Pommersfelden, has, it is said, been sold for the sum of three million florins. Rumor attributes the purchase to the Emperor of the French or the Emperor of Austria, and that the gallery will be maintained as a whole.

A letter from St. Petersburg, in the *North German Gazette*, says: "The magnificence which the Imperial family of Russia display in their journeys in Germany need occasion no surprise, when the immense revenues which they dispose of are taken into account. The crown domains yield annually from £5,000,000 to 40,000,000 roubles, and the *saunages* 4,000,000, while the State allows, in addition, a civil list of 11,300,000 roubles."

No man got so much out of all sorts of horses as Lord Forester. It was told of him that he sold a horse which was very difficult to ride. The first time his new owner got him he could do nothing with him, and rather remonstrated with his lordship for having sold him a horse he could not ride. "He carried you very well, my lord, but he won't carry me." "Well, sir," was the reply, "I sold you a horse, but I didn't sell you horsemanship."

Melton Mowbray can boast of two independent ladies who have taken out game certificates, and who enter the field and can bring down the game equal to any male sportsman, as well as those indulging in fishing, hunting over a country to bounds, &c.

Lord Cornwallis had a rough brother, an admiral. When the marquis was once passenger in his brother's ship, the admiral, with the true sailor contempt for the red-coats, sent a messenger to his brother: "Quartermaster, go tell that soldier officer he has no right to walk on the weather side of his majesty's quarter-deck."

Sir William Ingleby, a Yorkshire baronet, was in the habit of paying his own bills periodically and in person. On one occasion he repaired to one of the houses with which he dealt in the neighboring county town for this purpose. The proprietor was a new comer, and did not know Sir William; but hearing him say that he had come to pay Sir William Ingleby's bill, he took the baronet for his butler, and invited him into his parlor. Such a mistake was the greatest joke possible to Sir William, who sat down with his grace, smoked and drank with him, answered all his questionings as to the comfortable place he had got, and the time he had been there, man and boy, and finally took butler's discount upon his own bill—as no one had a better right to do! It was only when he drew a cheque that the grocer saw his error, and rose vehemently to apologise. "Sit down, man! sit down!" cried jolly Sir William; "your tobacco is good, and your brandy is better; let us have some more of each, and part friends."

It is said that Winterhalter has been commissioned to paint the interview at Stuttgart, between the Emperors of France and Russia.

FAMILY PASTIME.

PUZZLE.—Transpose a false step, and you may behold something very inviting.

ENIGMA.

Here, Joe! just tie the old mare up
Beside the old farm gate;
Ah, yes, you've tied her well, my boy;
Now run, lest you be late,
And take this letter—dear me!
I cannot now think where;
Ah! now I know it is to go
To where you've tied the mare;
What makes me thus forget the name?
There's one on the road way,
Pointing to different villages—
What is it called, Joe?—say!

CHARADES.

1.
Take for my first a serpent's head;
My second all have cause to dread;
For man, in all his strength and pride,
Is ever prone to turn aside;
And though for this he others blame,
Is ready still to do the same;
Scorning my whole, he journeys on,
And finds life's best enjoyments gone!

2.
Ah! now my first hath mindful been,
And constant proves as ever;
For not that I've my second seen,
My fears cease altogether;
Then I will to my bosom press
My whole with fond caressing,
And pray that Heaven my first will bless
With every earthly blessing.

REBUS.

The first a liquid is, but never drunk,
Though found in milk, and milk's best part, in cream;
The second to my knowledge never shrunk
From doing duty in air, earth, or stream;
The next a meet colleague for it is found,
As it is never from those things just named;
The next, part yours, part my estate, but bound
To you, by mine nor me can never be claimed;
The whole's a name I dearly value, or
As Byron says, "I have a passion for."

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. A grain of gold beats out into a leaf of 54 square inches, and a cubic foot of gold weighs 1,212 lbs. av. How many leaves together are as thick as a sheet of paper, when 175 sheets of paper placed together are an inch thick?
2. In a certain lake the tip of a bud of lotus was seen a span above the surface of the water; forced by the wind it gradually advanced, and was submerged at a distance of two cubits. Compute the depth of the lake, a span being nine inches, and a cubit eighteen inches.
3. A leaden pipe, in length three dozen feet, I want, a water cistern to complete,
Whose weight shall be just 500 pounds;
And then the bore—'tis this indeed confounds
The rustic plumber—for its radius must
In measure be one and three quarter inches just;
The thickness of the lead he wants to find—
Pray tell him if you can, and ease his mind.

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME—NO. 97.

PUZZLE. The flower which had been housed all night was quite dry, while those which remained in the field were covered with dew.

ENIGMA. A Diving Bell. **CHARADE.** Cupid.
REBUS. Pigeon; Rome; Titan; Nox; Tiar; Iambi; Nottingham; Gail; Perl; Real; Eol; Sophi; Straw—Punning Press; William Caxton.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. The gentleman left \$4,500; the eldest son \$2,000; the second, \$1,500; and the third, \$1,000. The first son gave the nephew \$222. 48. 5/10; the second, \$166. 138. 48; and the third, \$111. 28. 2/10.
2. He bought 28 sheep.

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ON TRIAL.—To give all a chance to judge for themselves we send LIFE ILLUSTRATED 3 months for 25 cents. Try it. FOWLER & WELLS, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE
IMPROVED MILDON, WITH DIVIDED SWELL.
ST. FULTON ST., NEW YORK.—NICHOLAS ST., BUFFALO. 97-100

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Sole Agent for the United States for the sale of the celebrated **BILIOUS AND CHOLERA COGNAC BITTERS.**
This VALUABLE COMPOUND was prepared in Europe, and brought to its present state of perfection and usefulness after years of toil and research. It has been used in many of the first Hospitals, and received the approbation of the most celebrated physicians in the old country. In the United States, particularly in this city, as well as in Europe, it has received the most unbounded approbation; and it has never failed in one single instance to produce a perfect cure. No family should be without it as a household remedy. As a beverage it is also an excellent promoter of Digestion, restores the tone of a disorganized stomach, and stimulates the Appetite. As a beverage it will take pre-eminent rank, being perfectly pure and unadulterated, and exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and it may be drunk with the utmost safety, as only small quantities are necessary to produce the desired effect. Such we have invariably found, whenever we have used it; and we are never without a bottle of it in our house.
Mr. STEINFELD'S Depot is No. 78 Nassau street, south-east corner of John street, N. Y., where all persons calling will be attended to with the utmost promptness. 96-97

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THE CHURCH'S REMEDY has for the last four years been employed in private practice by some of the first physicians of this city, with the most wonderful success in cases of Neuralgia, Nervous Debility, and Consumption. The limited supply hitherto attainable has prevented it being placed in a cheap form before the public at an earlier date. Larger quantities are now procurable, and they who neglect to obtain it suffer from the above disease by their own consent. To be obtained at 153 1/2 Fulton street. Price \$1 per bottle. 96-97

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Commenced September 24, by
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SPLENDID PAPER.—One of the very best Family Newspapers in LIFE ILLUSTRATED. Sent 3 months on trial for 25 cents. Will you try it?

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TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN SKILL AND INDUSTRY
This grand and unequalled display of American Skill and Industry is now open daily, from 9 a. m. until 10 p. m. The articles are all of a rare quality, and the bulk of the machinery is worked morning, afternoon and evening.

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Is in attendance each evening, and on Tuesday and Friday evenings performs a Grand Concert, by Programme.

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Will be exhibited twice each day—at 12 m. and 4 1/2 p. m. on Mondays and Saturdays, and 12 m. and 4 p. m. on the other days of the week.

ROSE TYPE-REVOLVING PRINTING MACHINE.
or "Lightning Press," will be in operation working the editions of the New York State Zeitung, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoon.

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Admission to the whole, only 25 cents. Stages will be found at all the ferries, which run within a block or two of the Palace. The six-st. cars run directly to the door.

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A few applications of this popular article will render the Teeth white as alabaster, beautify the roughest skin, remove Tan Pimples and Freckles, and impart a most agreeable softness, delicacy and fragrance. Sold by all Druggists in America.
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KINNE'S SHAMPOING FLUID accompanies and always precedes the application of Hair Restorative to the head; it will remove all grease spots from any kind of the most delicate fabric of Silk, Woolen or Cotton; indispensable to a lady's and gentleman's toilette and bath, cold or warm, to remove the impure and offensive secretions of the person in hot weather, leaving the skin soft, clear and pearly, with a satin-like feel. Price 50 cents.

KINNE'S TETTER LOTION OR BEAUTIFIER will remove all eruptions of the Face and Neck, also a dry and scaly condition, and an old or wrinkled appearance of the Face; will immediately cure the effects of all biting and stinging insects, and the annoyance of mosquitoes; the applying it on the exposed parts of the person, when asleep, will drive them away; cure Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, and all the skin eruptions of children, as well as adults. Price 50 cents.

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BEST MEDICINAL SALERATUS
Is manufactured from common salt.
B. T. BABBITT'S
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Is prepared entirely different from other Saleratus. AND
All the deleterious matter extracted in such a manner AND
as to produce Bland, Pleasant, and all kinds of AND
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when the Bread or Cake is baked; thereby producing AND
wholesome results. Every particle of AND
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remains but common Salt, Water and Flour. You AND
will readily perceive by the taste of this Saleratus, AND
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When you purchase one package, you should take the AND
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the next exactly like the first (name and picture, AND
twisted Leaf Brand, with a glass effervescing water AND
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Full directions for making Bread with Sour Milk AND
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making Soda Water; also, directions for making AND
Seltzer Powders, will accompany each package. AND
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No. 40 and 42 Washington St., New York. 70
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BEAR IN MIND.—These Cans and Jars take only a quarter to a half pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and the fruit is improved in flavor by it.
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Sign of the Golden Tea Kettle, 534 Broadway. 96-97

SALERATUS.—Those who want perfectly wholesome Saleratus, will require for that manufactured by the undersigned, which cannot be excelled in strength and purity as we guarantee it to be free from any trace of deleterious matter. For sale to the trade by JOHN DWIGHT & CO., No. 11 Old Slip. 96-101

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W. L. WILLIAMS, 285 Broome street, New York. 96-100

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BREAD that is light and nutritious.
BREAD that will not sour in the stomach.
BREAD that will keep moist and sweet.
BREAD suitable for the most delicate stomach.
BREAD, BICUIT, CAKE and PASTRY of all kinds.
An eighth more from the Flour made in a very short time by the use of
JAMES FYLE'S Dietetic Saleratus.
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JAMES FYLE'S Dietetic Saleratus.
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CATARH CURED.—The uniform success which has attended the introduction and use of GOODALE'S REMEDY FOR CATARH for the last few months warrants him in saying that he can cure it in any stage of the disease, and in any form. Ample proof of the most inveterate cases being cured by him in his possession, for the benefit of those wishing to inspect it. Many years devoted to the investigation and treatment of the disease enables him to speak confidently of its curability, and to assure those afflicted that they can be radically and effectually cured. Office for consultation, 265 Broadway, New York. Hours from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M.

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IMPROVED SEWING MACHINES
for Family Sewing and all manufacturing purposes. Machines in practical operation and for sale at the Depot 243 Broadway.
We received the Gold Medal and Diploma at the Fair of the American Institute, for the best Sewing Machine. 96-100

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF has cured the most obstinate cases of Rheumatism, Paralysis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sprains, Swollen Joints, Burns, Scalds, &c. In the most marvellous quick time, giving unto the bed-ridden victims of these cruel complaints ease and comfort by one or two applications, in cases where the skill of the best physicians in the country, and the most popular medicines, had failed in giving even temporary relief. No matter what the matter may come from, Radway's Ready Relief will surely relieve the system from its cruel pangs, and speedily restore the invalid to health, ease and comfort.

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No person, even the most feeble in health, or the most weakened victim of febrile diseases, has ever yet taken a single dose of this life-restoring remedy, without deriving some benefit: Chron. Rheumatism, Sciatica, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Tic Douloureux, White Swellings, Tumors, Erysipelas, Skin Diseases, Hip Diseases, Female Complaints, Dyspepsia, Gout, Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint.

R. R. Regulators are the most safe and reliable Pills in use, and will cure effectively and quickly—Constipation, Indigestion, Inflammation of the Bowels, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Heart, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb Difficulties, and all Female Complaints. Whenever the system is out of order, a dose of Radway's Regulators will restore it to order, health and regularity.

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THERE are plenty of young gentlemen as well as plenty of old ones, whose heads are turning gray, which gives the former a great deal of uneasiness, and expresses the age of the latter. To avoid these little perplexities we advise each of our readers to use Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative, which will, in the course of a few weeks, change the hair to its natural color. It does not dye the hair like the most of the hair restoratives, but produces a gradual change of color from the roots of the hair to the final end, and gives it a fine and glossy appearance. We have seen many persons who have used it successfully, and pronounced it the only invention which has come up to their idea of a "cure for gray hair." We commend it to you as a sure and safe remedy, and if we are any judge of age and beauty, it has made us at least ten years younger; in fact we are beginning to look quite young, and feel very much like getting a young wife. The change is miraculous, and it would be as difficult to find a gray hair now as it would be to find an idea in the head of the Duke of Buckingham. We know several old maids and some young widows whose locks are just beginning to assume a silvery hue, and who have been talking seriously about resorting to this remedy, and we advise them not to delay any longer. It never fails.—*Longevity*.
Sold at 313 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

When Venus, the thin-skinned, made earth her shade,
She, sure, must have given to Dr. Gouard
The secret of making her so.

DR. GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP is the most glorious compound ever invented for the positive cure of tan, pimples, freckles, redness, eruptions, macules, blotches, and all disfigurements of the face. It is the best compound for shaving ever invented. This is not the sort of the schools, but absolute facts, proved from the number of years this delicious soap has been before the people, and the millions of cases cured throughout the world. Gouard's Poudre Subtile Upoints hair from low forehead or any part of the body; warranted. Liquid rouge, lily white, oriental cream hair dye and restorative, at the old depot, 67 Walker street, near Broadway; Mrs. Hayes, Brooklyn; Callender, Philadelphia; Bates, Boston; J. C. Lewis, Lowell; Green, Worcester; Post, Rochester; and Druggists generally.

DR. KINNE'S MAGNETO ELECTRIC MACHINES.—FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.—DR. KINNE has arrived at the only proper mode of constructing these valuable machines for medical use, to obtain a certain and desirable effect (Tonic and Anodyne), as well as the proper manner in detail, of applying them to the cure of disease, to obtain the desired result, from their daily use in a large SPECIAL PRACTICE of thirteen years, in all forms of Scrofulous Diseases, Rheumatism and Nervous Complaints.

These MACHINES are now offered to the profession, and the public needs them, with his Book of full directions for their application in detail, in all cases, in which they have been used, and better than any other means, as a Principal Remedy, or an Assistant to other Remedies in treatment of the various diseases in which they have been used. These Machines, with a Book of Directions, will be sold, warranted perfect, for \$10. The Book alone for 25 cents—may be ordered by post, and paid for with stamps.

N. B.—It is proper here to state in this connection, that DR. KINNE'S MACHINE is the only one arranged and constructed from a full knowledge of (from long experience) in sound better than any other form of machine, and is the only one ever published by a Physician of matured experience in that particular department; and it is by this aid of the Book that makes the Machine available to Physician or common citizen.

DR. KINNE would here state that he continues his business in his department of Special practice in the treatment of all the diseases of the Face and Limbs.
All forms of Scrofulous Diseases, NERVOUS and RHEUMATIC Complaints—will cure HEMIPLEGY in all recent and curable cases; will introduce Artificial Saliva to restore the voice in cases of Croupal Paralysis. Contracted Muscles treated, and stiff, but not ankylosed Joints, rendered useful.

Will apply Medical Magnetism for those that need it—for Physicians and their patients, at his office or at their residence. Office No. 16 Board Street New York. 96-101

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TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLIS.
Fine Jewelry, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware, Brackets, Clocks, Rich Porcelain Articles of Art and Luxury.
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MOORE IN PARIS, TIFFANY, REED & CO.

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA AND RHEUMATISM.—The only reliable remedy for these terrible diseases, as well as Palsy, Fever and Ague, Heart Disease, Liver Complaint and all maladies arising from an impure state of the blood, is ANDERSON'S LACTIC IODINE, or PURE LACTIC WATERS. It is the curative element of God's Liver Oil, taken and dissolved in pure water. Those who have been dragged by quacks, and have swallowed nostrums of all kinds without avail, will be able to bear that the Pure Lactic Water cures permanently all who take it. sold at \$1 a bottle by Anderson & Fiedick, 3 Second Avenue and 363 Broadway; C. H. King, 123, and Barnes & Park, 208 Broadway; Hall, Russell & Co., 215 Greenwich street; and all Druggists.

CHILD'S CARRIAGE, OR PERAMBULATOR.—GOLD'S PATENT.—This carriage is superior to everything of the kind now in use, both for safety, ease, comfort and elegance. There is no doubt but that they who have used all other kinds, as they have done in Europe, where none have children would be without them. The great advantages are, that you have always the children before you. They are so easily managed that they can be safely trusted to the care of a child. In crowded streets where there are high curbstones, or wide or deep gutters, they pass over with equal ease and safety. They are so built that they cannot possibly turn over—can be used in the nursery, as well as in the streets or parks. They are recommended by all physicians as being conducive to children's health. Ladies giving their children an airing in this carriage will find it an elegant and pleasant recreation, as they do in London and Paris.
Messrs. J. & C. BERRAN, 241 Broadway, New York, are so Agents and Proprietors for the United States. 96-97

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BRIDAL APPPOINTMENTS, COIFFURES in abundance, at
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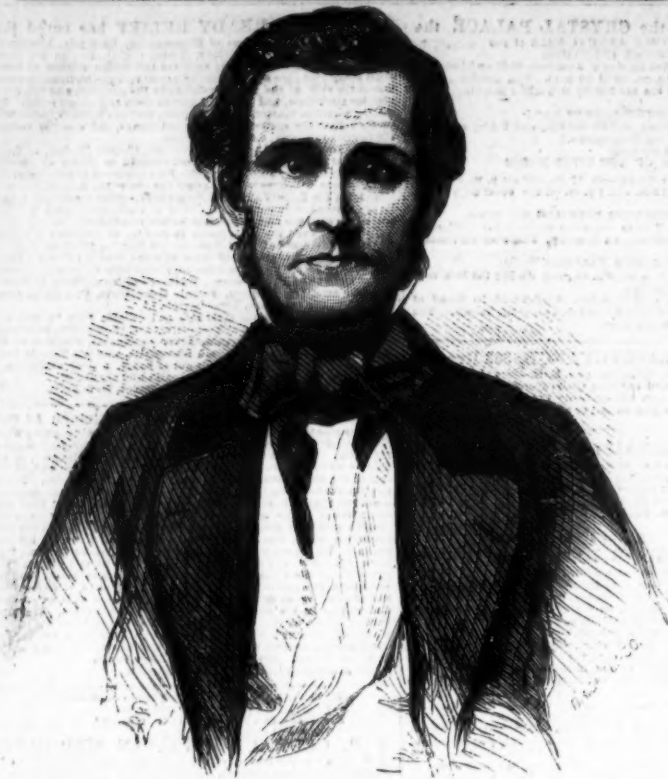
NOTICE.
SOLOMON & HART,
343 Broadway,
announce their intention to remove to their new store (now erecting) on or about the 1st of January, and have determined upon selling their

HERNAN STOCK OF
SATIN DE LAINES, BROCATTES,
LACE and MUSLIN CUFFS,
WINDOW SHADINGS, CORNICES,
PAPER HANGINGS, &c.,
AT AN UNPRECEDENTED REDUCTION IN PRICE.

In offering this INDULGENTLY, their stock will be found replete with every article in their line.
FAMILIES FURNISHING, OR IN WANT OF
UPHOLSTERY GOODS, CURTAINS,
MATERIA FOR FURNITURE,
are invited to avail themselves of an offer that may never occur again.

N. B.—N. & H. being Practical Upholsterers, purchasers can have their Carriages, &c., made up in the best style, and after the Newest French Designs, required by every customer from their Home in Paris.
WINDOW SHADINGS
MADE TO ANY DESIGN OR PATTERN.
Wholesale buyers will have an advantage in examining our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 97-100

LOTTERIES.—THE LOTTERIES OF
SAMUEL SWAN & CO. are chartered by the State of Georgia and have sworn commissioners to superintend and certify the everything connected with them to be done in a strictly honest manner, and that the interests of parties at a distance are as



JOHN TICE, RESCUED BY THE BARK "MARY." PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEADE BROS.

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THE SECOND NUMBER OF
FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE,
With which is incorporated the
GAZETTE OF FASHION.
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How the Welsh Knight was too much for the Devil. A Tale.
The Golden Region around the Inter-Oceanic Canal, with Five beautiful Illustrations.
Sweetlips, the Wild Elephant.
Genuine Mocha Coffee. By M. de Sala. Illustrated.
An Expert Swimmer. A Romantic Incident.
Recollections of the Charter Oak. Illustrated.
The Pierced Cape of Gaspé Bay. Illustrated.
"Keep Moving." A Tale of the Times.
Stretching the Long Bow.
African Officials. Illustrated.
An Adventure with Sea Lions. Illustrated.
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Edible Birds-nests. By Vane St. John. Illustrated.
An Amateur Plum-Pudding. A Tale of the East.
The Italian Sleep-Walker.
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Venus Emission: or, The Vicissitudes of a Lifetime. By G. J. Whyte Melville, Author of "Digby Grand," &c.

POETRY.

Softly She is Lying. By Charles G. Eastman.
A Summer Love Song. A Lyric. By Henry C. Watson.
The Death of Shalium. By Lucy A. Randall.
The Streamlet. A Lyric. By Henry C. Watson.
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MISCELLANEOUS—How Wolves Cajole and Capture Wild Horses, A Russian Funeral, Wits and Fools, A Dirty Shilling, Preservation of Human Bodies, George Stephen and the Dean, A Circuit Joke upon Boswell, The Dangers of Indolence, Effect of Dahlia Cultivation on Bees, Be Energetic, Adam Clarke and Wm. Hazlitt, Aurora Borealis in the North, Floating Gardens of Calcutta, Antiquities of Alexandropol, A Female Jockey, Sagacity of Bears, Fans, A Skull that had a Tongue, Steadiness of Purpose, How to Live Long, The Very Pretty Faces, A Poisonous Beaver, A Circassian Mourning Scene, Signification of Ladies' Names, Female Nurse Poisoners.

A CHAPTER OF WIT, FUN AND HUMOR—Seldahness Punished, Blinks quenches his Thirst, Impudence Rebuked, Too much Etiquette, A Persevering Bore, National Bragging, Irish and other Bulls, Friendly Greeting Misunderstood, Poetical Rules of Etiquette, Amateur Horse-jockeying, Too much for the Lawyer, Going to the Country, A Dutchman in a Passion, Rudeness Rebuked, The Deacon's Prayers, with Annotations, Youthful Precocity, A Receipt for making Lager Beer, Sambo gives his Opinion of the Effects of Manure upon Corn, Pat and the Railroad, Swallowing the Evidence, the Doctor and the Widow.

COMIC PAGE—Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs visit a fashionable Watering-Place, with Six Illustrations.

List of Engravings.

GLIMPSES OF CHINESE INTERIOR LIFE:
Frontispiece—Large Colored Plate—Chinese Marriage Procession

Our Party going to the Boat.
View on the Shores of Hang-Chow Bay.
Plantation of Caltrop, or Water Chestnuts.
Temple on the Banks of Wangpu River.
Fighting Cricket Match.
The Author at Breakfast with Mr. Luh.
Chinese Water Buffaloes.
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Temple of the Eastern Mountain.
Chinese Marriage Ceremony.
Chinese Peasant Woman.
Anatomical Drawing of a Chinese Lady's Foot.
Chinese Slipper.

American Indian's Fire Telegraph

GOLD REGION:

Rapids of the Andaguada.
Mining Implements used in Choco.
Gold Washing at the Negro, Choco.
Ditch Washing on the Andaguada.

Franconia Mountains. J. F. Kensett.

Gathering the Coffee Berry.

The Ford. A. D. Shattuck.

The Charter Oak, Hartford, Ct.

The Pierced Cape of Gaspé Bay.

Exquisite Fruit Piece by George Lanea.

Chenango River Scenery. J. F. Cropsey.

The African Whipper or Clearer of the King's Path.

An Adventure with Sea Lions.

SOMETHING ABOUT MANDRAKES:

Mandrake of the Magicians.

The Mandrake of Nature, with its Fruit and Blossom.

Root, Berry and Leaves of the Mandrake.

Birdnest Hunting in the Caves of Karang Bolang.

Girl at the Stream. R. Gavin, A. R. S. A.

Fearful Adventure with a Cayman.

VENUS EMISSION:

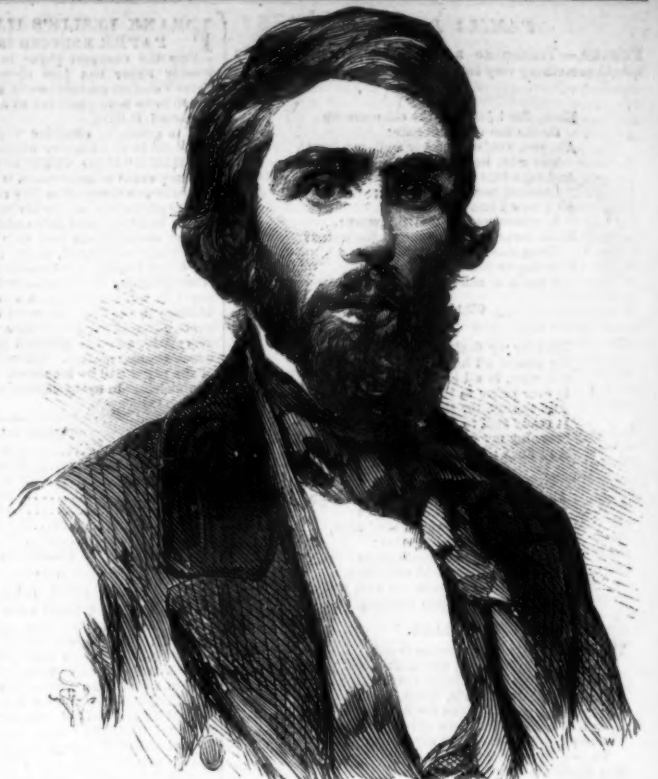
Mr. Egerton showing Vere his Mother's Portrait.

COMIC ILLUSTRATIONS—The appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs as they set out on their fashionable tour; Mr.

A SATIRICAL SENIOR.—One of those old gentlemen whose age is supposed to entitle them to say anything, made the following extremely rude and personal remark to a young officer in a distinguished regiment about to proceed to China: "Well, sir, well; you're going to Canton, eh, sir? Well, I can only say I hope you won't fall into the hands of the Chinamen, alive or dead; for if you're alive they'll kill you, and if you're dead, they'll eat you. Sir, I believe it's an uncounted fact that the Chinese eat puppies."

MUST LOVE.—Some days ago, a pretty, bright little juvenile friend, about five years of age, named Rosa, was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visits the family, who finally wound up by saying, "I don't love you." "Ah, but you've got to love me," said the child. "How so?" asked the tormentor. "Why," said Rosa, "the Bible says you must love them that hate you, and I'm sure I hate you!"

AN INVETERATE coffee drinker, two days after his marriage, on a visit to his parents, was, as usual, handed a cup of the delicious beverage, and astonished the table by expressing his preference for tea. Wondering what could have produced the sudden antipathy, his anxious mamma inquired the cause. He replied, "Why, it kept me awake the last two nights!" Such an innocent reply set the table in a roar.



ALEXANDER GRANT, RESCUED BY THE BARK "MARY." PHOT. BY MEADE BROS.



GEO. W. DAWSON, RESCUED BY THE BARK "MARY." PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEADE BROS.



CAPT. HIRAM BURT, OF THE BOSTON BRIG "MARINE," WHO RESCUED THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN ON BOARD THE "CENTRAL AMERICA." PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEADE BROS.

(Contents of Magazine continued.)

Tibbs assisting his Wife into a Bathing Machine; The appearance of the Interior of the Bathing Machine after Mrs. Tibbs descended into the Briny Element; Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs as they appeared while enjoying their much-coveted Sea-Bathing.—Mr. Smangles likes the Day Train, because, he says, "he can see the Dear Creatures' Faces." Mr. Smangles also likes Night Travelling in Railroad Cars, for it is quite a Comfortable Thing.

The Gazette of Fashion.

What to Buy, and Where to Buy it.

Review of Fashions.

General Description of Fashions.

Stratagem versus Strength. A beautiful Tale.

Description of Needlework.

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